

THE

## MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

AUGUST, 1806.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

*To the Editors of the Monthly Anthology.*

GENTLEMEN,

I OBSERVED in your publication, some months ago, a description of the falls of Niagara. Of the view of that wonderful cataract, more justly than of a perusal of Homer or of Milton, may it be said, *decies repetita placebit*. If therefore you think a second picture worth looking at, you may publish the following. But that you might not turn with disgust, as from an old subject, I have transcribed from my journal an account of two other curiosities in the remote part of New-York.

Aug. 25. We had from our host at Onondaga a very copious description of the salt springs, distant only six miles from the Western turnpike, and, altho' the road was unpleasant, we did not regret following his advice to visit them. These springs are on the border of Onondaga lake, and at present above its level; but they are sometimes covered with the fresh water of the lake. Yet the works are not often retarded by the freshes, as the specifick gravity and strong saline virtue is not diminished, unless the wind blows very hard. We know, that in rivers, as the tide rises, the fresh water often floats above. These springs may perhaps be found in any part of

the marsh, but there are only six pits sunk. From these are made ninety-two thousand bushels of salt yearly, that pay a duty of four cents per bushel, as the property of the soil is claimed by the state; but we may suppose, that no small quantity is carried off, without satisfying that trifling requisition.

Almost every thing here is conducted without system; for the government of the state will dispose of the soil only in leases, never exceeding seven years. This may indeed prevent monopoly; but it also restrains the employment of capital, and diminishes the utility of the gift of nature. The water is raised from the pits by pumps, which have heretofore been worked by men; but this year has so far enlightened the overseers, as to induce them to construct machinery for raising the water to be moved by a horse. From these pumps spouts run to the boiling houses on the bank, about seven or eight feet above the marsh; but as the wood in the immediate vicinity is nearly exhausted, an aqueduct carries this precious fluid two miles along the borders of this fresh water lake.

We were told that no Glauber salts could be obtained from the water; but this is the fault of the

workmen, rather than the unkindness of nature. They neglect too the manufacture of pot and pearl ashes, carelessly mixing the worthless substance, which first settles in the operation of boiling, with the valuable contents of their ovens. This sediment is collected in a ladle put into the bottom of the kettle, or adheres to the sides, from which it must be removed by an axe before it acquires the thickness of three inches, or it will burst the stoutest of them.

The workmen here are miserably poor, commonly selling their salt on the spot at not more than one fourth of a dollar per bushel ; and they say ardent liquors are absolutely requisite for their support, for the subterranean blowers at the forges of Vulcan never sweat more.

Aug. 27. We turned once more from the great road to visit the sulphur springs, distant about fourteen miles from Geneva. This spot in a Popish country would be called the outlet of hell. These springs are discoverable by the nose, at some seasons, for a mile round ; but we were not favoured with the fragrance, more than a quarter of that distance. The road within two or three miles in each direction is as bad, as rocks, stumps, prominent branches and roots of trees, with ruts on the side and holes in the middle, can make. Bridges of large logs, commonly called gridiron bridges, occasionally intervene to make us regret, that we could no longer be permitted to pass thro' the mud.

The springs are very numerous, bursting out in every part of the hill, down which, united, they pour a river of sulphur, running over rocks of sulphur, cloathed with sulphureous moss. This is indeed the appearance, for every thing is

soon covered with the slimy matter, deposited by the water ; and the virtue, or rather vice of this fluid is so great, as to turn silver black in five minutes. In the bed of the stream are petrefactions, of which the most curious, being leaves and mosses, are torn off with difficulty, and are seldom brought away whole.

From one of the springs, nearest the road, the water, which is clear and very cold, is conveyed to the bathing-house. Its taste is disagreeable, but horses drink it with avidity. I think Dr. Morse has said the same for the Ballstown and Saratoga waters ; but, though true of the principal spring at the latter place, every body assured me it was incorrect, as to the former.

The soil of this hill is very soft, so that one may thrust a stick as far into it, as into the clay pit of a marsh. To the depth of two feet nothing but brimstone is found, partially mixed with fibres of vegetables, and roots of trees, " fit to be the mast of some great admiral." Had this place been known to Milton before his blindness, how would his inexhaustible imagination have exulted in the copiousness of description it might have yielded. But the palace of Satan is well situated at present, though it might have found a better scite.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke, the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign,  
That in his womb was hid metallick ore,  
The work of sulphur.

The accommodations (we must use that word) are not worth the name. A log house is the chief, which contains two rooms ; but the owner is building another house

with two more rooms. Nearer the springs somebody has raised a hut of boards, containing neither chimney, nor chair, nor window, nor partition; but he has chalked in front the letters "HOTEL," and on one side "Brimstone and Whiskey." Our divines never thought of so intimate a connexion in this world.

The number of sick who resort here, increases yearly. In many cases the waters are salubrious; but as brimstone will always be unfashionable, the place will hardly

become a resort for those, whose only complaint is ennui.

The president of the United States wished to purchase these springs for the government; but Powell of Geneva has anticipated him. I believe any merchant could have assured him, that sulphur is imported from Italy much cheaper, than this could be carried from here to New-York.

The description of the cataract of Niagara is deferred to our next number.

### CRITICISM.

*Translated for the Anthology from the Cours de Literature of La Harpe.*

Continued from page 348.

### RACINE'S BRITANNICUS.

BOILEAU, and that small number of men of taste, who judge and are silent, while the multitude is clamorous and deceived, perceived in this new work an improvement in diction. In that of *Andromache*, admirable as it is, there was still some traces of youth, some verses which were feeble, incorrect, or neglected. Here every thing carries the impression of maturity. Every thing is masterly, every thing is finished. The conception is vigorous, and the execution without a blemish. Agrippina is represented, as in Tacitus, greedy of power, intriguing, imperious, caring little to live but to reign, employing equally for her purposes the vices, the virtues, and the weaknesses of all who surround her; flattering Pallas to get possession of Claudius; protecting Britannicus as a check upon Nero; making use of Burrhus and of Seneca to soften the ferocious nature which she dreads in her son, and to conciliate popularity to his government which she shares with him. If she interests

herself for the consort of Nero, it is from fear that a mistress would have too much influence over him. She even employs the simulation of a maternal tenderness, which she does not feel, to recover Nero, who endeavours to escape from her snares.

I have but one son. Oh Heaven, who now  
hears me!  
Have I ever made any vows but for him?  
Remorse, fear, danger, nothing has restrain'd me.  
I have conquer'd his contempt; I turn'd away  
my eyes  
From misfortunes which at that time were an-  
nounc'd to me.  
I have done all in my power: you reign, that is  
enough.  
With my liberty, which you have ravish'd from me,  
Take also my life, if you wish it,  
Provided that by my death this exasperated people  
Would not ravish from you, what has cost me so  
dear.

This plain and literal translation in prose gives no idea of the original.

*Je n'ai qu'un fils: O Ciel, qui m'entends  
aujourd'hui!  
T'ai-je fait quelques vœus qui ne fussent  
pour lui?  
Remords, craintes, périls, rien, m'a retenue.  
J'ai vaincu ses mépris; j'ai détourné la vue*

*Des malheurs qui dès lors me furent annoncés.  
J'ai fait ce que j'ai pu : vous régnés, c'est assez.  
Avec ma liberté que vous m'avez ravie,  
Si vous le souhaitez, prenez encore ma vie,  
Pourvu que par ma mort tout ce peuples  
irrite,  
Ne vous ravisso pas se qui m'a tant couté.*

What address in these two last lines ! She dares not directly threaten Nero : He has already arrested her ; he may proceed farther : He had before explained himself in such a manner, as to make her understand that he was determined to shake off the yoke ; she dreads to excite the tyger to fury. It was to Burrhus that she said a little before : Let him consider,

That by reducing me to the necessity  
Of exerting against him my feeble authority,  
He hazards his own, and that, in the balance,  
My name perhaps will have more weight than he  
suspects.

*Qu'en me reduisant a la nécessité  
D'essayer contre lui ma faible autorité,  
Il hazard la sienne, et que dans la balance  
Mon nom peut-être aura plus de poids  
qu'il ne pense.*

But it is not to Nero that she dares to say, if you attempt my destruction, have a care of yourself. She contents herself with giving him to understand it, in a manner that cannot offend him, and gives to her menaces the tone of interest and friendship. But scarcely has Nero, who dissembles better than his mother, said to her,

Very well, speak then : what would you have me do ?

*Eh bien, donc prononcez : que voulez vous  
qu'on fasse ?*

she reassumes all her pride ; as soon as she thinks herself sure of her power, she dictates the law.

*Punish the presumption of my accusers ;  
Soothe the resentment of Britannicus ;*

Let Junia take the husband she chooses.  
Set them both at liberty, and let Pallas remain.

The spring was only constrained ; it acts with greater impetuosity. It is thus that a character shews itself entire upon the stage. And when Junia, constantly agitated with alarms inseparable from love, appears to retain some distrust of the sincerity of Nero, with what haughtiness does Agrippina reproach her.

*Are you diffident of a reconciliation that I myself  
have made ?*

.....  
*It is enough, I have spoken to him, and every  
thing is changed.*

*Doutre vous d'une paie dont je fais mon  
ouvrage ?*

.....  
*Il suffit, j'ai parlé, tout a changé de fait.*

Is not this the ordinary policy of all those, who enjoy a borrowed power ? One of the means of preserving it, is to make others believe it. The detail, into which she enters with Junia afterwards, has a double effect ; it shews to the spectator the intoxicated pride, to which Agrippina abandons herself in the joy of her new favour, and the profound dissimulation, of which Nero has been capable. I say nothing of the style : it is above all praise.

*Ah ! if you had seen with how many caresses  
He has renewed to me the sincerity of his promises !  
By what embraces he has detained me !*

*His arms, when we parted, could not separate  
from me ;*

*His natural kindness, imprinted on his countenance,  
Condescended to the minutest secrets.*

*He poured out his soul, like a son, who comes  
with freedom*

*To forget his pride in the bosom of his mother.*

*But immediately resuming a severe countenance,*

*Becoming an emperour when taking council of  
his mother,*

*His august confidence put into my hands  
secrets, on which depend the destiny of mankind.*

*Ah ! si vous aviez vu, par combien de  
caresses*

*Il m'a renouvelé la foi de ses promesses !*

Par quels embracemens il vient de m'arrêter !  
 Ses bras, dans nos adieux, ne pouvaient me quitter.  
 Sa facile bonté, sur son front répandue Jusqu'aux moindres secrets est d'abord descendue.  
 Il s'épanchait en fils, qui vient en liberté Dans le sein de sa mère oblier sa fierté.  
 Mais bientôt reprenant un visage sévère, Tel que d'un empereur qui consulta sa mère,  
 Sa confidence auguste a mis entre mes mains Des secrets d'où dépend le destin des humains.

What lofty expressions ! and how are they calculated to give an high idea of her power !

No, we must acknowledge, to his honour, His heart harbours no dark malice ; They are our enemies only, who, misrepresenting his goodness, Have abused, to our disadvantage, the mildness of his nature. But finally, in their turn, their influence declines ; Rome once more is about to recognize Agrippina. Already they adore the reputation of my favour.

Non, il le faut ici confesser à sa gloire, Son cœur n'enferme point un malice noire ; Et nos seuls ennemis, alterant sa bonté, Abusaient contre nous de sa facilitate. Mais enfin, à son tour, leur puissance décline ; Rome encore une fois, va reconnaître Agrippine. Deja de ma faveur on adore le bruit.

"They adore the report of my favour" ! What happy boldness in the choice of words ! And this boldness is so exactly measured, that it appears perfectly simple ; reflection alone perceives it : the poet conceals himself under the personage.

Finally, when Britannicus, mortally poisoned, has shewn all that might be expected from Nero, Agrippina, who has no resource remaining, thinks only of terrifying him by her fury,

Go on, Nero : with such ministers You are in the high road to distinguish yourself by glorious deeds.

Go on : after this step, you cannot return. Your hand has begun with the blood of your brother ;

I foresee that your strokes will at last reach your mother.

From the bottom of your heart I know that you hate me.

You wish to throw off the yoke of my benefactions.

But I hope that my death will be of no use to you ;

Think not, that, in dying, I shall leave you at your ease.

Rome, these heavens, this light, which you receiv'd from me,

Every where, every moment, will present me before you.

Your contritions will pursue you, like so many furies :

You will think to compose them, by other barbarities.

Your rage, increasing in its course, Will pollute all your days with fresh streams of blood.

But I hope that heaven, at last weary of your crimes,

Will add your perdition to so many other victims ;

That, after having defiled yourself with their blood and mine,

You will find yourself compelled to pour out your own ;

And your name will appear in all future ages

The severest reproach to the most cruel of tyrants.

Poursuiz, Neron : avec de tels ministres

Par de faits glorieux, tu vas te signaler.

Poursuiz : tu n'a pas fait ce pas pour reculer.

Ta main a commencé par le sang de ton frere ;

Je prévois que tes coups viendront jusqu'à ta mère.

Dans le fond de ton cœur je sais que tu me hais.

Tu voudras t'affranchir du joug de mes bienfaits ;

Mais je veux que ma mort te soit même inutile ;

Ne crois pas qu'en mourant je te laisse tranquille.

Rome, ce ceil, ce jour que tu recus de moi, Par-tout, à tout moment, m'offrirant devant toi.

Tes remords te suivront comme autant de furies ;

*Tu croiras les calmer par d'autres barbaries.  
Ta fureur, s'irritant soi-même dans son cours,  
D'un sang toujours nouveau marquera toutes tes jours.  
Mais j'espere qu'enfin le ciel, las de tes crimes,  
Adjutera ta perte à tant d'autres victimes ;  
Q'apres t'être couvert de leur sang et du mien,  
Tu te verras forcè de répandre le tien ;  
Et ton nom paraîtra, dans la race future,  
Aux plus cruels tyrans une cruelle injure.*

Here is an example of that art, so common in Racine, of giving to the strongest ideas the most simple expressions. To tell a man that his name will be a reproach to tyrants, is of itself terrible ; but to the cruellest of tyrants the most cruel of injuries ! Invective can imagine nothing beyond this, but it is not too much for Nero ; his name is become that of cruelty itself.

What fearful truth is revealed in the portrait of this monster in his infancy ! It is one of the most striking productions of the genius of Racine, and one of those which prove that this great man could do every thing. Nero, as Racine well observes, had not yet assassinated his brother, his mother, nor his preceptor ; he had not yet set fire to Rome ; and yet every thing he says, every thing he does, in the whole course of the piece, announces a soul naturally perverse and atrocious. But how long a time elapsed before the publick acknowledged the prodigious merit of this part ! It was an obligation that they owed at last to the inimitable Le Kain ; and it was the effort of a great actor to bring down to the comprehension of the multitude, what none but connoisseurs had perceived. As the name of Nero seemed to promise every thing the most odious, and during

the novelty of Britannicus the heads of the audience were set to the tone, which Corneille had introduced for thirty years, they were astonished, that he had not habitually in his mouth the most infernal maxims ; that he did not glory in his wickedness ; that he betrayed the least shame at being thought a poisoner. In a word, the publick thought him much too good. These are the expressions which Racine uses in his preface : It is true that he has not the rhetorick of crimes ; but he has all the calm and refined atrocity, and all the reflecting, deliberate depth of wickedness. Examine his conduct. He hears the beauty of Junia mentioned ; his first emotion is to carry her off, even before he has seen her ; and upon the bare suspicion, that Britannicus might perhaps be loved by her, his first words are,

*So much the more unfortunate for him,  
if he has gained her affections,  
Narcissus, he ought rather to wish for  
her aversion.  
None shall excite jealousy in Nero with  
impunity.*

*D'autant plus malheureux qu'il aura su  
lui plaire,  
Narcisse, il doit plutôt souhaiter sa colere.  
Nero impunément ne sera par jaloux.*

He has scarcely seen Junia for a moment, when the death of his rival and brother is already resolved in his heart. But he prepares for him another punishment : He will have Junia herself tell him, that he must renounce her ; and to compel her to make this declaration, he declares to her, that Britannicus is a dead man, if she does not obey. It has been said, that it is a trifling incident, and below the dignity of tragedy to make Nero conceal himself, during the interview between the two lovers. This is true : but here, I think,

the effect raises and justifies the means. The danger is so near and real, that the scene is tragical, and to prove this I need only appeal to the effect at the theatre. This is the moment, when the love of Britannicus and Junia becomes interesting, because both terrore and pity are then excited by it. Their situation is cruel, and we cannot but tremble for them, when we recollect these terrible words of Nero :

Concealed in some place, I shall see  
you, madam.  
Imprison your love in the bottom of  
your heart,  
You can have no secret language that  
shall be secret from me.  
I shall understand your looks, which  
you may think mute,  
And his destruction shall be the infalli-  
ble reward  
Of a gesture or a sigh that shall escape  
you to please him.

*Caché près de ces lieux, je vous verrai,  
madame,  
Renfermez votre amour dans la fond de  
voire âme.  
Vous n'aurez point pour moi des langages  
secrets,  
J'entendrai des regards que vous croirez  
muets,  
Et sa perte sera l'irfaillible salaire  
D'un geste ou d'un soupir échappé pour lui  
plaire.*

With this style and this situation any thing may be ennobled. Let it be observed, as we proceed, that a theatrical effect may obtain pardon even for false measure, though it cannot justify them ; but a common measure, and one in itself trifling, may be elevated by the art which is employed in disposing it, and is no longer a fault.

*To be continued.*

## REMARKER.

No. 12.

“ Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,  
And were the king of it, what would I do ?  
I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
To excel the golden age.”

SHAKESP.

THE office of the Remarker is not confined to speculations on morals and literature, but will occasionally be extended to the delineation of schemes for the whole country. Objects of national concern ought to employ the most active exertions of every individual, and the labours of our statesmen ought to be diminished by the assistance of every citizen, who possesses leisure and ingenuity to devise means of publick safety and private repose.

Since the liberation of our countrymen from the tuition of a cruel stepdame, who fondly hoped that in the decrepitude of age she should be nourished and sustained

by our labour and love, our citizens while engaged in lawful commerce have been exposed to violence and impressment. The licensed buccaniers and royal robbers of the ocean have divorced our citizens from their friends and families, and compelled them to exert, in the service of a king, every muscle not palsied by fear of the thong and the scourge. Remonstrance only admonishes them of their power of inflicting still greater injuries, and the specious plea of justification is, that *similarity of language prevents discrimination between Englishmen and Americans.* It is now proposed to strike at the root of the evil, and to construct a language en-

tirely novel. This language must be composed of five parts, viz. one part Indian, another Irish, and three fifths Negro tongue. These ingredients well mixed will constitute a language unintelligible by any human nation from Gades to Ganges. As drivers of herds of cattle sometimes bind a spit across the horns of a fierce bullock to prevent his escape in the thickets of the forest, so will this language debar us from all intercourse with other nations, and will erect a strong wall of partition between us and our adversaries.

Without doubt this plan will be strenuously opposed by those, who are continually declaiming against the subversion of ancient institutions, and the destruction of ancient principles. But it is reasonable that man should pursue a course analogical to that nature, which is a process of continual change, of decay and revival.— Flowers, whose existence is brief, and which flourish only for the scythe, are ever most beautiful and fragrant. Besides, a virtuous republican government induces modes of thought and of action, so different from those produced by a monarchy, that many of the terms of the English language are in this country as insignificant and destitute of meaning, as the representatives of old Sarum are of constituents, and the bold and the original thoughts of Americans perish, as would giants in this pigmy land, because they could not be cooped in our cabins, or covered by our garments. On account of this paucity of terms, adapted to our ideas, most of our authors and holiday orators have been compelled to invent new words, and make our language as various as the face of our country.

It will be perceived, that this

new language is the result of a spirit of compromise and conciliation, and that those classes of citizens, which are most numerous, contribute most to its formation. If we inspect the American court calender, we shall immediately ascertain, that in selecting materials for this language, due attention has been paid to the origin and descent of those who guide the destinies of our nation: the most eminent of whom are of Irish or Indian blood. We need not the aid of the college of heralds to trace the lineage of our greatest orator, Randolph, to the renowned Pocahontas...for no sachem among the aborigines could hurl the tomahawk with more unerring aim, or could, with more adroitness, mangle, and scalp, and lacerate the trembling victims of his wrath. His eloquence is of the whooping kind, and his words, "like bullets chewed, rankled where they entered, and, like melted lead, blistered where they lighted." An ancient author thus describes this species of eloquence: "Magna ista et notabilis eloquentia, alumna licentiae, quam stulti libertatem vocabant, comes seditionum, effrenati populi incitamentum, sine obsequiis, sine servitute, contumax, temeraria, arrogans, quæ in bene constitutis civitatibus non oritur." The fame and glory of our orators in Congress must be attributed wholly to their knowledge of Indian dialects. Those, who utter English, are fortunately few, otherwise the circumstance of their receiving their tone and language from a foreign court, would subject them to punishment, as it now does to suspicion and disgrace.

The excellencies of the proposed dialect will be numerous; it will not possess the quality of harmony, so that it may be conge-

nial to the nature of our government; and as it will be difficult to be uttered, it will counteract tumults and seditions, which are usually the effect of sudden and inconsiderate expressions of anger and indignation. Our countrymen, like the wing-footed horses of Phœbus, need restraint, rather than impulse.

*Sponte sua properant; labor est inhibere volentes.*

They are not perfect, and no one ought to expect that American citizens should be Gods, till they are nourished by nectar, and breathe aether on Olympus. In forming this language, our great object is to conform to the sacred rights of the majority, and therefore we banish all delicacy and beauty; for he that would move minds that are material, and souls that are sensible, must use instruments ponderous and palpable, otherwise his labour will be as vain and futile as was that of Æneas, when, in the nether world, he instinctively put his hand to the sword, and would have smote the disembodied spirits, "et frustra ferro diverberet umbras."

Republicans, who seek right and follow reason, ever prefer utility to elegance; they use language, as a medium, not as a commodity. The materials, which we have selected, will compose a currency, cumbersome as the iron money of Sparta, and base as the copper coin of Birmingham; but, in its clumsiness and relative baseness, will consist its intrinsick value; for then the cupidity of our merchants will not be tempted to exhaust our country of its circulating medium, neither will the despot of the world exact

from us a tribute so debased. If we wished for a language, as a valuable commodity, then indeed our words should resemble "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," which we could use as toys for traffick.

The adoption of this new language will operate very favourably on our foreign relations, and will erect a barrier more powerful than navies, and proclamations, and non-intercourse bills. The policy of our government is not to exhaust the bowels of our country to afford protection to commerce, which infects the manners of republicans with a thirst for lucre and love of luxuries; which imports the elegancies of the East, and yellow fever of the West Indies, and supplies silks for our ladies; and slaves for our lords. Though our ports are thronged with merchantmen, richly laden, they receive no other protection, than one gun-boat to each port, "ut unoculus inter cæcos."

When this language shall have become common and universal in our country, we shall be a world by ourselves, and will surround our territory by an impregnable wall of brass, and all sit down, each in his whirligig chair, and philosophize. Then our oaks shall not be ravished from our mountains, and compelled to sport in the ocean with mermaids and monsters of the deep; but they shall be permitted still to wear their green honours, and their foliage, instead of quivering through fear of the axe of the shipwright, shall dance and dally with Zephyrus. Our citizens will then enjoy all the happiness of hermits, and all the tranquillity of monks.

## AMUSEMENT.

For the *Monthly Anthology*.

## MESSIEURS EDITORS,

By inserting the following in your Anthology, to exercise the wits of the American literati, you will oblige *A SUBSCRIBER.*

KEYSLER in his travels relates, that at Casaralta the family of the Volta have a seat where is to be seen the following enigmatical epitaph, which has exercised the wits of the literati for a great number of years.

D. M.

Ælia Lælia Crispis

Nec Vir, nec Mulier, nec Androgyna,

Nec Puella, nec Juvenis, nec Anus,

Nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica,

Sed Omnia.

Sublata

Neque Fama, neque Ferro, neque Veneno,

Sed omnibus.

Nec Cælo, nec Aqtis, nec Terris,

Sed ubique jacet.

Lucius Agatho Priscius,

Nec Maritus, nec Amator, nec Necessarius,

Neque mærens neque gaudens neque flens

Hanc

Nec Molem, nec Pyramideum, nec Sepulchrum,

Sed omnia

Scit et nescit Cui Posuerit.

Under this ænigma are the following lines :

Ænigma

Quod peperit glorie

Antiquitas,

Nec periret inglorium

Ex antiquato marmore

Hic in novo reparavit

Achilles Volta Senator.

For the benefit of your readers, unacquainted with Latin, I insert Keysler's translation.

“ Ælia Lælia Crispis, who was neither male, female, nor hermaphrodite; neither a girl, a youth, nor an old woman; neither chaste, a harlot, nor a modest woman; but was all these. She died neither by famine,

“ sword, nor poison; but by all three. She lies neither in the air, nor in the water, nor in the earth; but every where. Lucius Agatho Priscius, who was neither her husband, nor gallant, nor relation; neither weeping, rejoicing, nor mourning, erected this, which is neither a fabrick, a pyramid, nor a tomb, but all three: but to whom he knows and yet knoweth not.

“ That this Ænigma, the invention of ingenious antiquity, might not be lost by the decay of the ancient marble on which it was first engraven, it stands here cut in fresh characters by order of Achilles Volta, a Senator.”

There have been various explanations of this famous riddle. Mario Michael Angelo will have it to be rain; Fortunius Licetus, the beginning and ending of friendship; John Casper Gevertius interprets it to be love. Zachary Pontinus says it was designed for three persons. Johannes Turrius is of opinion that it is the *materia prima*. Nicholas Barnaud, that is an eunuch, or the philosopher's stone. Agathias Scholasticus, that it is Niobe. Richardus Vitus that it is the rational soul or the *idea Platonis*. Ovidius Montalbanus says it is hemp. Count Malvasia interprets it of a daughter, promised to a person in marriage, who died pregnant with a male child before the celebration of her nuptials. M. de Cigogne Ingrarule has discovered in it Pope Joan. Boxhorn says it is a shadow, and an anonymous person says it is *un fierro*.

For the Anthology.

### ORIGINAL LETTER.

Birmingham, June 19, 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I travelled the whole distance from Buxton to Birmingham (sixty-one miles) in a post-chaise, with a young American born near Portsmouth, and we shall probably keep company till we reach the metropolis, the *urbs sacra*, the city of the gods. This charming country is worth a voyage across the Atlantick to behold. Ceres and Flora must have laid their heads together, I think, to lay it out, and I have found that Thomson's *Summer* is a perpetual commentary upon the road I have been travelling.

Yesterday, about 5 o'clock, p. m. I passed through Lichfield. I purposely delayed dining till this late hour, that I might spend a longer time on this classick ground. As soon as I alighted at the hotel, I inquired for the house where Dr. Johnson was born. I was immediately shown to one about 200 rods off, and I am sure I should not have walked with a quicker step or with more expectation to see the amphitheatre of Vespasian.

The house, where Johnson was born, stands in the centre of the town of Lichfield, at the corner of a square, within a few paces of the market and the church of St. Mary's, I think. It is now an old three-story building, rather showy without, and rather shabby within. The first apartment on the lower floor, which was the bookstore of Johnson's father, is now a tinker's shop, filled with copper tea-kettles, tin-pans, candle-sticks, &c. while a small room adjoining is occupied by a maker of electrical ma-

chines. In the chamber over this shop, once divided into two, that mighty spirit, destined to illuminate the generation which received him, and to exalt our estimate of human capacity, was ushered into this world. This chamber is now, as I imagine, the tinker's drawing room! There remains a small fire-place in one corner, and the walls are hung round with pantomime pictures, The seasons framed with listing find a place,

And brave Prince William shows his lampblack face.

The floors are much worn, dirty, and uneven, and every thing within the house bears the appearance of poverty and decay. The tinker, named Evans, was not at home; but his wife, a chatty old woman, told us, in answer to our queries, that the present rent which they paid was eighteen guineas, and that the taxes were as much more. This, to be sure, is quite as much as such a house would be worth in Boston, and nothing but its central situation can render it so high. The old lady then called her little grand-daughter to conduct us to what is called the Parchment house, to which Johnson's father afterwards removed, and to show us the willow tree, of which there is a tradition, that it was planted by Johnson or his father; but nobody knows which. However this may be, it is one of the most remarkable trees in all England. It is certainly twice as large as any willow I ever saw in America, and it is allowed to surpass every other in this country. The tinker's wife told us that her house

was frequently visited by travellers, and I dare to say, that the gratuities which she receives for her civilities in showing it, amount at least to the rent of the house. Here is a subject for meditation. A tinman is now able to secure a comfortable habitation by showing the chamber where Johnson was born...that Johnson, who has wandered many a night through the streets of London, because he was unable to pay for a lodging !

As we were returning to our inn, we espied a curious figure of an old man, with laced round hat, scarlet coat, with tarnished trimmings of the last age, with a bell under his arm. Upon accosting him, we found that he had been town-crier for many years, and a kind of Caleb Quotem, that he always shaved Dr. Johnson when he came to visit Lichfield, that his name was Jenney, seventy-four years old, with strength and spirits unimpaired.

The cathedral at Lichfield is worthy the attention of every traveller. Who shall say that the daily view of this ancient, dark, and reverend pile, once the residence of monks, may not have contributed to impress on the mind of young Johnson a superstitious veneration for the splendour of a church establishment, and have even given him that melancholy bias, which he discovered toward many of the ceremonies and doctrines of the church of Rome. Indeed I know of nothing so calculated to inspire a secret suspicion of the presence of the departed, as to walk through the long, still, and echoing aisles of a Gothic cathedral, lined on each side with the tombs, and ornamented with the figures of men who died centuries ago ; for while you are trembling at the sound of your

own steps in these lofty and silent cloisters, and seem to shrink into littleness under the venerable grandeur of the roofs, you can hardly bring yourself to believe that such a vast and solemn structure is uninhabited ; and after having heard the great gate close upon your coming out, you cannot avoid the impression, that you are leaving these awful retreats to some invisible and ghostly tenants.

This pile was founded in the year 657. It suffered much in the revolution, and since the restoration they have been continually repairing it. The dean and chapter are now replacing some of the old windows by some painted glass, which they have received from some old church at Liege. It is said to be wonderfully fine, but as I am no connoisseur in these things, I can only say that the colours are wonderfully brilliant. The window at the east end is modern.

Dr. Johnson, and David Garrick, and Gilbert Walmsley have monuments in this cathedral very near to one another. You remember the Latin epitaph which Johnson wrote for his father's tombstone, who was buried here ; I know you will hardly forgive the dean and chapter, when I tell you, that in paving the church, they have lately removed it, as well as another, which Dr. J. caused to be placed over the grave of a young woman, who was violently in love with his father. The inscription which Dr. J. wrote, was nothing more than this, "Here lies — a stranger, ob. &c." This anecdote I had from the verger, a tattling old man, who showed us the cathedral. He professed to have been "very intimate" (these were his words) with Dr. J. His name is Furneaux.

*For the Anthology.*

## THOUGHTS ON TACITUS.

*Nam cunctas nationes et urbes populus, aut primores, aut singuli regunt; delecta ex his et consociata reipublicæ forma, laudari facilius quam evenire; vel si evenit, haud diuturna esse potest.*

TAC. ANN. L. 4. 33.

If we consider the nature of civil government, we shall find that in all nations the supreme authority is vested in the people, or the nobles, or a single ruler. A constitution, compounded of these three simple forms, may in theory be beautiful, but can never exist in fact; or, if it should, it will be but of short duration.

MURPHY'S TRANS.

IN these words Tacitus has expressed his celebrated opinions on the best form of government for a state. He acknowledges the excellency of a system, in which the three great simple modes of polity should be preserved by a judicious selection and harmonious combination of their constituent advantages. Such a system he decidedly commends, but apparently regrets its probable impracticability, and declares that, if it were practicable, it could not be lasting. These are the sentiments of a profound historian on a subject of real difficulty and extensive importance. They may well occupy our thoughts for a few moments, for the subject is full of "high matter"; and, as connected with the mighty revolutions of the old world in the present age, or with the established constitutions of our own country, it may originate sentiments of regret or exultations of gratitude. In the present speculation, however, I shall not enter into a nice investigation of the excellency of the system recommended by the historian; but I propose, as a subject of literary discussion, to reconcile the implied dissent of Tacitus from the opinions of Polybius, fortified by Machiavel, on the subject of the Spartan constitution founded by Lycurgus.

When Tacitus says, that a form of government, composed of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, is more easily to be praised than anticipated, he very probably had reference to the writings of statesmen and philosophers, by whom this scheme had been discussed and commended. He also plainly intimates, that he did not think that the combination of the original principles had, in any government, been accurately ascertained and suitably established. A man, like Tacitus, of vigorous understanding and practical views, would not easily be reconciled to a visionary excellency of policy, nor would he be disposed to praise a system, which, though in theory it might partake of the simple schemes of political economy, violated in its operation all the feelings, habits, and doctrines of human nature; still less would such a statesman extol any establishment, which found the means of its preservations in the forgetfulness or destruction of whatever renders life pleasant and comfortable to the great majority of the commonwealth.

That Tacitus was a man of these practical notions and principles of expediency, is easily discovered by a perusal of his political and moral maxims and reflections. They have no fancy or frenzy. He very

seldom indulges in speculation, and he never relaxes into falseness of conclusion from the violence of passion or the obstinacy of prejudice. Human nature he studied in all its windings and aberrations. He traced the contortions of hypocrisy in the gloomy mind of Tiberius ; he examined the gapish idiocy of the drowsy Claudius, and displayed the feeble counsels and the fluctuating conduct of the aged Galba. For this deep knowledge of the human mind, and the necessary practical results, he was not more indebted to the age, which furnished such materials of serious reflection, than to his education and political advantages. He studied law and eloquence under Aper and Secundus, *celeberrima tum ingenia fori* ; he married the daughter of Agricola, and by connexion, as well as sympathy, being attached to his father-in-law, he profited from the plans, the counsels, and directions of the illustrious conqueror of Britain. By his political career he was partly fitted for an historian and statesman, as besides what he himself declares, *dignitatem nostram a Vespasiano inchoatam, a Tito auctam, a Domitiano longius proiectam*, he also enjoyed the consulate under Nerva, and was honoured with the confidence of Trajan, *optimus & felicissimus Princeps*.

Among the ancient historians and philosophers, whose opinions on the mixture of the three simple forms of government into one harmonious system have reached us, Polybius is highly distinguished. From a fragment of his 6th book, as quoted by Swift, in "The contests and dissensions between the nobles and commons in Athens and Rome," his sentiments may be collected. "Polybius tells us, the best government is that, which

consists of three forms, *regno, optimatum, and populi imperio*. Such was that of Sparta in its primitive institution by Lycurgus ; who, observing the corruptions and deprivations to which every of these was subject, compounded his scheme out of all ; so that it was made up of *reges, seniores, et populus*. Such also was the state of Rome under its consuls, and the author tells us, that the Romans fell upon this model by chance, but the Spartans by thought and design."

In the political opinion, without the exemplification of its truth in the republick of Sparta, it is evident that Tacitus concurred. He has given no instance of any government, in which he thought the original principles had been combined, so as to conduce to the general welfare of the community ; but on the contrary intimates, that no such example can be furnished. No evidence remains, that he had studied the history of Polybius; but there can be little doubt that he had diligently read the very excellent work of a brother historian on the affairs of Rome, who, as a man, had been the intimate friend of Scipio Africanus; and, as an author, had been praised by Livy and Cicero. As therefore Polybius praises the Spartan economy, as an example of his general speculation ; and as Tacitus denies that any government has existed, in which *the one, the few, and the many* have been harmonized, I can no otherwise reconcile the difference, than by the supposition, that Polybius had reference simply to the frame of the commonwealth, as built by Lycurgus, and that Tacitus had either some nobler establishment in his mind, or that, like a wise statesman, he disliked the effect of the Lacedæmon-

## THOUGHTS ON TACITUS.

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ian model on the habits, intercourse, and general relations of the people.

From the previous character of Tacitus, as a practical politician, it is evident he must have censured, rather than applauded the singular system of the Spartan legislator. He could not approve of a political plan, which made a whole community barbarous, ignorant, miserable, and proud ; and forced the citizens to exist without the elegant refinements or even the comfortable accommodations of society. In Sparta the institutions and laws were, like those in Crete, most severe, and are thus characterised by Maternus in the *Dial. de Orat. Quarum civitatum severissima disciplina et severissimæ leges traduntur.* In none of the writings of Tacitus does he express any opinion of the policy of Lycurgus, except what may be gathered from the following passage in Ann. 3. 26. *Hæ frimò (leges) rudibus hominum animis, simplices erant. Maximèque fama celebravit Creten-sium, quas Minos ; Spartanorum quas Lycurgus ; ac mox Athenien-sibus quaesitiores jam et plures Solon prescripsit.* “ Law in its origin was like the manners of the age, plain and simple. Of the several political constitutions known in the world, that of Crete established by Minos, that of Sparta by Lycurgus, and that of Athens by Solon, have been chiefly celebrated. In the latter, however, we see simplicity giving way to complication and refinement.” From this passage it cannot be inferred, that Tacitus was particularly averse or attached to the constitution of either legislator, though perhaps a nice reader of Latin might receive from the original an impression more unfavourable to the Spartan establishment, than

is given by the weak and dilated translation of Murphy.

It is undeniably true, that Lycurgus mixed the three simple forms into one establishment. It was not indeed perfect. The preservation of the balance of power received no adequate provision. The senate was too powerful ; the kings and the Ephori were too weak alone, and the legislator therefore contrived, by the solemnities of religion and the obligation of monthly oaths, to connect the kings and the ephori in alliance; for the former swore to reverence and observe the constitution and laws of Sparta, and the latter, in their own name and as representatives of the people, swore to obey the kings, as rulers, judges, and generals, and to preserve in hereditary splendour the honours and glory of the descendants of Hercules. By these means, but above all by the civil and municipal regulations relative to strangers, marriage, commerce, agriculture, slaves, &c. &c. Lycurgus restrained his community in tranquillity, gained renown for himself, and preserved the hereditary honours of the illustrious race of Hercules for eight hundred years. But the precincts of Sparta never inclosed the habitation of happiness. Every thing was forced, barbarous, and unnatural. Property was violated under the connivance of law, and adultery was sanctioned as the perfection of marriage. The slaves were forced to intoxication for an example to the young Spartans, and their murder was suffered for the incitement of courage and the acquisition of military skill. Study the nature of the Spartan ordinances, read the history of Lycurgus in Plutarch, and you will be astonished at the adoption and continuance of a system, which opposed all the feelings

of our common nature, and swept away in its terrible progress all the pardonable prejudices, the amiable sentiments, and the honourable principles of civil life, merely to make giants of the men and Amazons of the women....who should consider war, as the definite object of society, and peace, as the improveable prelude of war.

As Polybius among the ancients, so Machiavel among the moderns, has considered the Spartan constitution as a happy combination of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. In C. 2, B. 2, of his discourses on the first decade of Livy, this illustrious Italian, after observing that prudent legislators have endeavoured in their political systems to unite the three simple principles, and consequently to avoid the defects of each, proceeds to remark, *tra quelli che hanno per simili costituzioni meritato più laude è Licurgo, il quale ordinò in modo le sue leggi in Sparta, che dando le parti sue ai re, agli ottimati, e al popolo, fece uno stato, che durò più che ottocento anni, con summa laude sua, e quiete di quella città.* Here the immortal founder of modern politticks expressly recognises the division of powers in the system of Lycurgus, which had been before extolled by Polybius; but it may be observed, that his praise is confined to the high renown, which the legislator acquired, to the duration of the scheme, and the tranquillity of Sparta. He does not praise the civil liberty of the citizens, for it did not exist; he does not honour the international policy, for it was full of intrigue, ambition, and war. A civil community ought to have a social relation to other states. It ought to delight in the interchange of such kind offices as its situation will allow, such as mediation in war, commercial intercourse, and

every friendly political arrangement. It ought, above all, never to thwart the progress of internal civility; never to stop the increase of social relations and institutions; and never to prohibit the introduction and diffusion of the blessings of peace, commerce, letters, and arts. But in Sparta all intercourse with strangers and all foreign travel were forbidden; there was no trade, and no coin, but ponderous pieces of iron; agriculture was considered an ignominious employment, and was expressly confined to the slaves; the mechanick institutions were despised; literature was unknown to these "museless and unbookish" barbarians; their sole delight was in arms, for war was the study of the men, and warlike exercises the play games of the children. A state, thus insulated from the world, except by the continual disturbances which it excited in other communities, and by the ravage of its arms, which it terribly diffused, might well subsist for eight hundred years; for foreign enemies could make no impression on the city from without, and luxury and wealth could spread no refinements within. Sparta therefore existed in civilized barbarism among the Grecian States, not much superior to the institutions of the Bedowees in the African deserts at the present day; these marauders appear on the horizontal sands; they soon cry havoc, and spread death and desolation in every village; and when fury is satisfied, they suddenly retire with their spoil to the depth of solitude, meditating new pillage, and anticipating new enemies to conquer.

In giving this relation of the Spartan Commonwealth, I have been guided by no prejudice. No writer will deny to the passive pupils of Lycurgus the virtues of

patience, fortitude, heroism, magnanimity, and others of a similar nature. But all these flourish, like palm trees, in a savage community, and when unaccompanied by those qualities or virtues, which exist in a state of refinement, are decisive evidences of a commonwealth barbarous, warlike, and miserable.

As, therefore, Polybius and Machiavel have considered the constitution of Sparta, as a testimonial of the actual union of the advantages of the simple forms of government into one system, and as Tacitus virtually differs from this opinion, by insinuating, that such an union has never existed, I cannot otherwise reconcile these great authorities, but by supposing that the former had reference principally to the constitution itself, and that the latter deduced its nature from the misery of the people, and disregarded the mere form of the institution. Both were right in their several opinions, and the conclusion must be, that the system of Lycurgus, fortified by the code of civil laws and municipal regulations, was re-

ally an example of the combination of the original forms of government, that it lasted long and insured tranquillity, but that it was not formed to advance the comforts, the pleasures, and the refinements of society, and that therefore it did not deserve the commendation of Tacitus.

This hypothesis may be praised as more ingenious, than exact, and the discussion may be considered, as more pleasant, than important. But I have never seen any notice of the difference between the historians I have mentioned, and therefore if my conjectures are false, they may easily be pardoned. With regard to the importance of the subject, different readers may form different opinions, but I am disposed to believe that it is always a matter of much concern to reconcile the jarring sentiments of great minds on interesting topicks, for it is surely unpleasant to observe the mighty guides of the world opposed to each other, because their dissension enfeebles their power, while their union gives energy to truth and authority to reason.

QUINTILIAN.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### LIFE OF RICHARD BENTLEY, D. D.

*Late Regius Professor of Divinity, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng.*

[Continued from page 348.]

*Τιμωτατα μεν και περτα τα περ την ψυχην αγαθα.*

PLATO, de Legib. IV.

IN the following year a pamphlet appeared, intituled, "Quaternæ Epistolæ. Prima et secunda ad Richardum Bentleium; Tertia ad illustrissimum Ezekielum Spanhemium, quarta ad Lud. Frid. Bonetum." The writer of these letters was Ker, who had not long before published "Selectarum de Lingua Latina Observationem, Libri duo." This performance and

its author Bentley had slighted, or treated contemptuously. Ker, in return,

"Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war!"

and while his resentment was warm published this quaternary of Epistles.

The first of these, which are addressed to Bentley, contains ob-

410 to noistique est d'ordre  
je suis bessere, c'est que...  
jections to the Latinity of some  
passages in his dedication and  
preface to Horace. The purport  
of the second is similar, and exhi-  
bits remarks on the Dr.'s treatment  
of himself and of former criticks.  
In these compositions there is  
some just criticism, but it is mingled  
with too much ill-nature, and the  
author's resentment is too ap-  
parent. The Latinity is, perhaps, correct,  
coldly correct : but the  
letters merit no commendation for  
sprightliness of wit, or elegance of  
language.

Bentley, in all probability, paid  
little regard to these publications,  
or to their authors. Whatever  
might be his private sentiments,  
he felt the dignity of his charac-  
ter, and the strength of his abilities  
too forcibly, to think an answer or  
a defence necessary.

These attacks did not seem to  
influence his literary pursuits, or  
damp the ardour of his genius.  
In the course of this year he pub-  
lished a new edition of his emen-  
dations on Menander and Phile-  
mon, without altering the name of  
*Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*. He o-  
mitted Burman's preface, and ad-  
ded to these remarks, his Letter  
to Dr. Mill, which had been pub-  
lished in the year 1691, at the end  
of the Chronography of Malela.\*

§ We say perhaps, for we have not  
read them with sufficient attention to  
enable us to speak decisively.

\* In this new edition of his *Epistola Critica*, which was his first and, per-  
haps, his most learned work, the writer of this life observes, that he did  
not correct the few trifling *παροχεῖα* which had escaped him, in the original  
edition. Among these may be numbered : P. 47, *Iov* for *ιων*. P. 48, in the  
reference to Atheneus, Lib. XIV. for  
Lib. X. P. 52. *Undecima Ionis fabula*,  
should be *decima*, as he has only men-  
tioned *nine* in his disquisitions on *Io*, the  
*Chian*. P. 80, *Eυγορατον* is called *Com-  
parativum* instead of *Superlativum*.

## LIFE OF BENTLEY.

Of both these admirable pieces  
of criticism we have already spoken.  
We cannot, however, quit them, without expressing some  
regret, that the corrections of He-  
sychius, which he mentions in  
this Letter to Dr. Mill, were never  
written and published. What  
additional dignity would the splen-  
did edition of this valuable Lexicon  
have acquired, when it appeared  
some years ago, at Leyden, under  
the auspices of Alberti and Ruhn-  
kenius, if the corrections of Bent-  
ley had been added to the remarks  
of so many learned annotators.  
His vigorous mind was peculiarly  
adapted to such a task, both on ac-  
count of his penetration and his  
boldness. He knew the depth of  
his own erudition, and seldom paid  
any regard to the cavils of inferior  
criticks.

About this time appeared a  
book, intituled "A Discourse of  
Freethinking, occasioned by the  
Rise and Growth of a Sect, called  
Free-Thinkers." The dangerous  
tendency of this work, which was  
generally read, determined Bent-  
ley to answer it publickly, under  
his assumed name of Phileleu-  
therus Lipsiensis. He addressed  
his reply to Dr. Hare, although  
Collins, the author of the book,  
had been his pupil. The title  
was, "Remarks upon a late Dis-  
course of Free-thinking ; in a letter  
to F. H., D. D. by Phileleutherus  
Lipsiensis."

In the address he compliments  
Hare upon the care and secrecy

*Sed haec levia fortasse.* In the additions,  
at the end of this Epistle, the refer-  
ences are very improperly made to the  
pages of the *old*, instead of the *new*  
edition. They should have been incor-  
porated into the text, or at least the re-  
ferences should have been altered. It  
is a strange instance of carelessness,  
and especially, as in the title he says,  
*Editio altera emendatior*.

with which he conveyed his annotations on Menander to the press, which encouraged him to send him these remarks on Collins.

Dr. Salter\* has informed us, that Bentley is not serious, when he compliments Hare for his taciturnity and secrecy with respect to the emendations of Menander. He has not, however, declared his authority for such an assertion, and if it was conjecture, there seems no foundation upon which to build such a suspicion. It does not appear, that the delay of the papers was occasioned by any mistake of Hare, or that he ever betrayed the secret. At this time, though they afterwards quarrelled, he almost idolized the Master of Trinity-College ; Sciopius scarcely venerated Scaliger in a higher degree. Why then should Bentley pay him any ironical compliments ?

These Remarks deserve the highest commendation, whether we consider the design or the execution. Those powers of ratiocination, that lively wit, that quickness of imagination, and that penetrating acuteness, which shone so conspicuously in the dissertation on Phalaris, were now again displayed. Ignorance and perverseness were never more thoroughly exposed.

These Remarks, and the introductory letter, afforded Dr. Hare an opportunity of publickly demonstrating his regard for Bentley ; and in the course of the year he addressed a pamphlet to him, intituled "The Clergyman's Thanks to Phileleutherus Lipsiensis, &c." in which he urged the author to continue and complete his remarks.

\* In his additional notes to the new edition of Bentley's Dissertation on Phalaris, p. 448.

Before the expiration of the year, therefore, appeared the second part of this critique on Collins, with another letter to his friend H. H., in which he assures him, that his request was his only inducement to pursue the subject, as he had many weighty reasons which urged him to remain silent. This publication did not complete his original design, but contains a critical examination of the translations which he gives of his quotations from the ancients.— But Collins did not require so acute an examiner to refute his erroneous assertions. Bentley displays his usual penetration, but the subject sinks beneath him : " The former part of the book (he says in his introductory letter) contained matters of consequence, and gave some play to the answerer ; but the latter is a dull heap of citations, not worked, nor cemented together, mere sand without lime ; and who would meddle with such dry, mouldering stuff, that with the best handling can never take a polish ? To produce a good reply, the first writer must contribute something : if he is quite low and flat, his antagonist cannot rise high ; if he is barren and jejune, the other cannot flourish ; if he is obscure and dark, the other can never shine."

Such is the description which Bentley gives of his situation, when he wrote these remarks. Yet this second part is equal to the former, in point of critical sagacity, and sarcastick ridicule. Nor is it in any degree inferior with respect to learning, as far as Collins gave scope for a display of his wonderful erudition.

These two parts were universally read and admired. Even his enemies were silent. No caviller dared to attack this admirable per-

formance. Collins forfeited his reputation for learning and abilities, and his book, which had been held up as a model, sunk into obscurity. Eight editions of these Remarks have been published, and he began a third part, at the desire of Queen Caroline, when she was Princess of Wales. Of this only two half sheets were printed, and not much more was written; for Bentley wrote his remarks sheet by sheet, as the copy was wanted by the printer. During his dispute with the University, in 1717, he gave up this design of finishing his observations; nor could he ever be persuaded to resume the subject. At the same time he declared, with great indignation, that those in whose favour he wrote, were as bad as those he wrote against.

The few pages which are published of this third part contain remarks upon some passages from Lucan, which Collins had quoted, about Cato. It is much to be lamented, that he never finished this piece of criticism, for however trifling was the value of the book, there is such a sprightliness, and wit in his manner of confuting his antagonist, that entertains, while it convinces.

On the fifth of November, 1715, Dr. Bentley preached a sermon\* upon Popery, before the University. This deep discourse is replete with erudition, and was calculated for the learned body before whom it was delivered. It, however, afforded an opportunity of beginning a new assault to some of his enemies; who soon after published some remarks on the sermon. This was one of the few

\* This sermon was afterwards published, with his sixth edition of Boyle's Lectures, at Cambridge, 1735.

attacks which Bentley did not bear in silence. When these petty scribblers criticised his classical erudition, he felt conscious of his superiority. This pamphlet, however, was too scurrilous not to provoke notice, and in 1717 he published an answer, intituled: "Reflections on the scandalous aspersions cast on the Clergy by the Author of the Remarks on Dr. Bentley's Sermon on Popery, &c."

In the year before this, 1716, two letters were addressed to him, respecting an edition of the Greek Testament, for which he had long been collecting materials. These were published with the Doctor's answers, in which the publick were informed, that the Doctor did not propose using any manuscript in this edition which was not a thousand years old; and at the same time added, that he had twenty of this age in his library.

The following year produced a new antagonist. Mr. Johnson, a schoolmaster, at Nottingham, attacked with great virulence, and considerable ability, Dr. Bentley's edition of Horace.†

This publication was delayed by Johnson's illness, but however out of date it might appear, he tells us in a long preface, that he was determined to publish it, because the authors of the former remarks on the Doctor's Horace had not mentioned the most glaring errors.

At the end of the preface, he has collected Bentley's *egotisms*, on the passages in which he has mentioned himself; and after

† This is the title of his critique, "Aristarchus Anti-Bentleianus quadraginta sex Bentleii errores super Q. Horatii Flacci odarum libro primo spissos, nonnullos, et erubescendos: item per notas Universas in Latinitate, lapsus fœdissimos nonaginta ostendens."

them his reflections on other writers. Among the former he has inserted several, which have no title to a place in such a collection; and many of the latter are as just, as they are severe.

To follow this writer through all his animadversions would neither be useful nor entertaining. Like most other commentators, he appears to be sometimes right, and frequently wrong, in his criticisms on Horace. He was a good scholar, but an execrable critick. He had not taste enough to discover the value of many of Bentley's conjectural corrections, though his extensive reading enabled him to point out several of the great critick's errors.

In addition to the emendations which we have already transcribed, we must add one or two more:

Horat. Ars Poet. 121.—

*Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,*  
Impiger, iracundus, &c.

For *honoratum*, Bentley, with a critical sagacity which had been rarely equalled, proposes to read *Homereum*, which Hurd has admitted into the text, in his edition, as indeed he has almost all the readings of the British Aristarchus. "If you insert the character of Achilles, as it is drawn by Homer, into your work, let him be

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis."

The son of Peleus, indeed, was dreaded on account of his courage, but if we consider his story, we do not find that honours were often showered down upon him. On the contrary, Agamemnon takes away his mistress, Ερυνης κακηνης, or, as Horace stiles her, Briseis niveo colore; and tho' he had plundered so many cities, yet did the commander in chief always

carry off the richest spoils, and enjoy the treasures which were acquired by his labours:

—δια παντα δασσοντο, πολλαδ' εχοντεν.†

In Serm. II. Lib. 2, v. 120, Bentley corrects the punctuation of a passage, in which he supposes that Horace refers to an inedited epigram of Philodemus. Above forty years after, the epigram was published by Reiske, in the Anthology of Cephalas, and confirmed his conjecture. Toup doubts whether the Roman poet conceived the meaning of the epigrammatist; he, howevr, gives the lines, with our critick's emendation, which affords a splendid instance of his acumen, that can never be praised too highly, or too frequently.‡ But let us proceed.

Some of Johnson's remarks on the Latinity of Bentley's notes are just and acute. They display great knowledge of the language, and insight into the modes of expression adopted by the best Roman authors. But let it not be supposed that our critick is the only modern, who deserves censure on this account. Scioppius wrote a book against the Latinity of Strada, and the learned H. Stephens another of uncommon excellence on that of the great Lipsius. Markland, in more modern times, is not always equally correct in his annotations; and it would be found that even the great Toup, who is the *Corypheus* of Grecian

† See Bentley's note on the passage Horat. P. 674. Ed. Amst.

‡ The author of the preface to the Oxford edition of Cephalas, in a note, mentions this passage, but does not seem thoroughly to conceive the force of Bentley's correction. There is an account also of this celebrated passage in Foster on Accents, which the curious reader may consult.

literature, in the present age, if his preface to Longinus were examined by a rigid grammarian, can sometimes, as well as criticks of inferior rank, write inattentively, and adopt

—“a style  
So Latin, yet so English all the while.”

Why does he use the ambiguous if not unclassical phrase of *Longinnum non uno in loco restituimus*, which may mean *not once*, as well as *more than once*? In another place he says, *non semel*. *Publ. cassé* is used by Pliny, in the sense of *publishing a book*, but, we believe, not by the writers of the Augustan age. *Adeone* often begins a sentence, but not *adeo ut*, which requires a subj. mood after it. Toup is wrong, when he puts an *Indic.* Cicero says: “*Rem. funditus amisimus, adeo ut Catō adolescens nullius consilii—vix*

*vivus effugeret.*” Ad Q. frat. et alibi. In page 4. *Vocat* should be *vocavit*, as the other verbs in the sentence are in the perfect tense. *Ut erat* should be *ut esset*.—Johnson censures Bentley’s *alliteratio*, what would he have said to Toup’s *in textum\**, and to some other slips, which may be discovered in this preface. Do not, however, let it be suspected, that we mean to detract from Toup’s splendid abilities, as a critick. He has few readers who look up to him with higher veneration, or who would praise him with more sincerity; but we were willing that his Herculean shoulders should bear some portion of the load which has been placed on those of Bentley.

\* Used by *Am. Marcell.*, but not in the Augustan age, for the *text of a book*.

To be continued.

## THE LIBERAL ARTS.

No. 2.

For the Anthology.

MR. HUME has asserted, “That it is impossible for the arts and sciences to arise, among any people, unless that people enjoy the blessings of a free government.” This, with many other positions assumed as the foundation of his reasoning, inclines one to believe that, in his essays, the primary object was not the discovery of concealed, or illustration of known truths; but rather to exercise his faculties in the construction of plausible theories, and in framing ingenious arguments on controverted subjects. An impartial attention to the history of the rise and progress of arts will convince us, that they depended much more upon other causes than political institutions. They originally arose

in Egypt, which was a monarchy, and frequently a very despotic one; from thence they were transplanted to the free states of Greece; from thence to Rome, where they flourished in the time of the Emperors; they were then involved in the same darkness with every other species of human learning and ingenuity, and restored under papal and despotic power in the reign of Leo the Tenth, his immediate predecessor and successor, with the surrounding contemporary potentates. It appears, therefore, more consonant to reason, as well as fact, to lay their foundation in the wants of mankind, and the perfecting of the superstructure to their superstitions, religion, and ambition. Necessity first gave birth to architec-

ture, which the desire of building suitable habitations for various deities brought to perfection. Sculpture arose from, and was matured by the universal prevalence of polytheism. Painting most probably was principally indebted to the same cause ; and when they arose again in Italy, they were cherished, protected by, and it may be said incorporated with the religion of the times, which then possessed the greatest influence over the reason and passions, as well as the temporal estate of man. To describe and illustrate the wonderful events, sublime nature, and important objects of christian theology, was at once the pride, the labour, and the nutriment of historical painting ; and the reason why its progress was so long retarded in England may be found in that intolerant bigotry which accompanied the reformation.

It is evident, therefore, that other causes, besides the possession of a free government, are requisite to produce the arts among us ; and if we depend on that alone, we shall continue without those sources of intellectual elegance and refinement, to which other nations are indebted for their brightest points of superiority. But seeing that neither our religious nor political institutions are calculated to hold out much inducement, how are we to transplant them into our soil ? How shall they be nourished, and be made to produce scyons of native growth ? That they may grow, when transplanted, let the soil (as was observed before) be fitted to receive them ; for what Hume observes generally, may justly be particularly applied to the imitative arts ; that they cannot make much progress, or produce eminent men, except a share of the same spirit and genius be antec-

dently diffused through the people among whom they arise. The means, by which this spirit may be generated and diffused, it is worth while to consider. The first step, is to induce artists of eminence, or men of genius promising to arrive at eminence, whether foreigners or natives, whenever they appear, by such encouragement, as will make it worth their while to remain and exert their talents in this country : and this encouragement must not only be of a pecuniary nature, but must also consist in that respectful attention, which will give them a due degree of consequence in society ; and which, if they possess that elevation of mind which the arts are calculated to inspire, and which they never fail to inspire in men of real genius, will be always esteemed as the most grateful and congenial reward of their labours. It is also equally essential to the adequate compensation of real genius, that all unqualified pretenders should be universally discountenanced ; for there are quacks among artists as well as among physicians, and when such persons are able successfully to practice their impositions, the arts themselves suffer a temporary disgrace, and artists of merit are defrauded of their just portion of respectability and profit. Persons, who have laid out their money in what they believed were works of art and exertions of talent, finding themselves imposed upon by gaudy daubings, or the refuse of European auctions, are too often disposed to doubt all they have heard of the dignity of art, and to withhold, indiscriminately, from every professor, that liberality which they once bestowed in vain. This renders it necessary to be able to discriminate between good and bad, between the works of a master and the feeble imita-

tions of a novice, between the vigorous though frequently rude efforts of real genius, and that insipid smoothness, tawdry finery, and mechanical dexterity, which too often assumes its character. To attain this knowledge, is the acquisition of taste.

“What then is taste, but the internal  
pow’rs  
Active and strong, and feelingly alive  
To each fine impulse ? a discerning  
sense  
Of decent and sublime, with quick dis-  
gust  
From things deform’d, or disarrang’d,  
or gross  
In species ?”

Or, to use the language of an elegant prose writer,\* “Taste is the power of selecting the *best* ;” hence says he, “its effect is necessarily extended to conduct and character.” And he adds this beautiful, and strikingly just remark, “In a polished nation, half the portion of existing vice may be ascribed to bad taste, to the want of that culti-

\* Hoare’s inquiry into the cultivation, and present state of the arts in England.

vation of the mind, which leads to an habitual preference of the *better* to the *worse*. The invisible sceptre which sways and fixes the morals of a people, is held by the hand of taste.”

This faculty is in every person’s power to possess, in a greater or less degree, according to the strength & cultivation of his understanding. Those, whose circumstances do not absolutely require all their time to provide the necessaries of life, have sufficient, many have abundant leisure for this purpose ; and they who neglect it, not only lose a great and enviable source of rational pleasure, but assuredly leave unperformed a duty to the author of their being, who gave them faculties above the brutes, not to “rust unused,” but to be improved by all opportunities to the utmost of their power, that they may be the better enabled to perform the various parts of their character, as it respects their maker, their fellow-creatures, and themselves.

Aug. 24th.

E. E.

## SILVA.

No. 18.

*Nec cibi cœnarum quivis temerè arroget artem,*

*Non prius exacta tenui ratione saporum.* HOR. EPIS.

### VOLTAIRE.

IT is very difficult to ascertain the truth of particular events in history, or in the lives of celebrated men. The death of Voltaire is an instance of this ; names are given, and circumstances mentioned to prove his having demanded a confessor ; and, after having expressed his remorse, that he recanted the opinions contained in his works. I was present one evening, in a small circle, at the house of Mr. —, in Paris. Among the company were the marchioness de Villette, the adopted

daughter of Voltaire, whom he used to “ belle et bonne,” and Mr. Robert, the landscape painter, who was one of his intimate acquaintance. The conversation turned upon Voltaire, and many anecdotes were related. Some person asked madame de Villette, whether the common account of Voltaire’s death was true. She answered, that she was with him during his last sickness, and in the room at the time, or a few moments before he died ; that he was importuned to receive a confessor, and that his only answer was, “je

*vous prie de me laisser tranquille*"; and that he died without any confession. That Voltaire should have written against the Catholick religion, may be palliated in considering its excessive abuses; but the vanity of displaying his wit led him much farther, than he probably intended. His opinion of the necessity of a religion may be known from this famous line: "*Si Dieu n'existe pas, il faudrait l'inventer.*"

#### OSSIAN AND HOMER.

There are in Ossian many pleasing passages; but the perpetual recurrence of the same images and a continual effort to effect the sublime, so wearies the mind that I can never read but a few pages at a time. Ossian resembles a tremendous rock, overhung with waving woods, where you may discover foaming cataracts, gloomy caverns, and dismal precipices. Homer is like a fertile country, in which you may at once contemplate the variegated beauties of woods and waterfalls; torrents, which rush with impetuosity from lofty mountains, and streams, which murmur through Arcadian vales. Like the shield of Achilles, the poems of Homer present the whole world to our view.

#### DEFINITION OF MAN.

The best, which has ever been given, is anonymous. "Man is a cooking animal." Disquisitions upon man are among the most abstruse that perplex metaphysicians. Much of the difficulty has arisen from establishing a wrong definition. Men are naturally mad; different individuals approximate in different degrees towards reason. Many are completely mad, none are perfectly rational. Whatever distance some few, more

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fortunate than the rest, may have passed in the attainment of rationality; still every day of their life will discover some symptoms of their original state. Every man occasionally finds deviations from the path of reason, in every one of his acquaintance, which cannot be accounted for on any other position, than the one I have assumed, that men are naturally mad.

#### PAINTING.

Many circumstances, highly affecting in narration, are glaringly improper for the tablet of the painter. Of this class is the circumstance of the Grecian Daughter affording nutriment to her aged parent. The story is barely tolerable in the hands of the serious dramatist; but on canvas, the figure of an old man, placed in the situation of an unconscious infant, is perfectly disgusting.

#### TASTE.

To assign correct rules for taste is not easier than to give a definition of beauty. It has puzzled polite scholars, metaphysicians, and artists. The standard in different individuals and different nations is widely different. The *gout* of the French varies as much from the *gusto* of the Italians, as from the *taste* of the English, and they are all equally remote from the *onderscheidend vermoogen* of the Dutch. I am led to think, that the most accurate standard will be to decide by taste in eating. A treatise upon the progress of the culinary art would be very interesting. The advances of society towards perfection, and its gradual decline, will be found to keep pace with the advancement and decay of the art of cooking. What a number of gradations between the roaming Tartar, inebriated with fermented

mare's milk, and the refined epicurean of polished society, pouring libations of Burgundy and Madeira to beauty or patriotism ! Cooking never came nearer to perfection in the Roman empire, than under the emperor Augustus ; though, like the Roman manners, it retained something of the barbarity of the republick. It gradually decayed with the decay of letters and the glory of the empire, till the art was buried, with all others, in the obscurity of the middle ages. It rose again into notice, with the revival of letters, under the patronage of the Medici ; but attained its greatest perfection in modern Europe, during the brilliant period of Louis XIV. It was in the reign of his voluptuous successor, that scientifick men digested and published its theory and practice in many inestimable volumes. I could enlarge much on this interesting topick, if I did not contemplate publishing at some future day (and hereby give notice to all subject-seeking authors, in the present exhausted state of literature and science) a work with this title, *An inquiry into the progress of civil society, as connected with the culinary art ; and an attempt to establish, upon principles drawn from this art, a true standard of taste.*

#### MUSICK.

Modern musick resembles Gothick architecture, whose parts, instead of captivating, puzzle and confound ; while the harmonious strains of antiquity, like the Grecian temples, charm by an union of grandeur and simplicity.

#### MANSFIELD AND CHATHAM.

The judgment of the younger Lyttleton is conspicuous in the following brief mention of two very

eminent characters. " The two principal orators of the present age, (and one of them perhaps a greater than has been produced in any age) are the Earls of Mansfield and Chatham. The former is a great man, Ciceronian ; but I should think inferior to Cicero. The latter is a greater man ; Demosthenian, but superior to Demosthenes. The first formed himself on the model of the great Roman orator ; he studied, translated, rehearsed, and acted his orations. The second disdained imitation, and was himself a model for eloquence, of which no idea can be formed, but by those, who have seen or heard him. His words have sometimes frozen my young blood into stagnation, and sometimes made it pace in such a hurry through my veins, that I could scarce support it. He embellished his ideas by classical amusements, and occasionally read the sermons of Barrow, which he considered a mine of nervous expressions ; but, not content to correct and instruct imagination by the works of mortal men, he borrowed his noblest images from the language of inspiration."

#### VANIERE'S PRÆDIUM RUSTICUM.

VANIERE was one of the modern writers of Latin poetry, and a learned Jesuit. His *Prædium Rusticum*, a poem, consisting of sixteen books, on Husbandry, has been too slightly appreciated by Doctor Warton. But Mr. Murphy in the preface of his translation of the sixteenth book, entitled The Bees, vindicates Vaniere with powerful cogency.

His fourteenth Book, which contains the history and management of Bees, was translated by Mr. M. many years ago, when the famous Italian and French

writers of Latin poetry engaged his attention; he sometime since revised the translation for his amusement; and he seems to have published it with no other view, than that of inscribing it, in very handsome terms, to Miss Susanna Arabella Thrale.

Nature has not, perhaps, produced a more astonishing phenomenon than a kingdom of Bees. It is not surprising, therefore, that the manners, the genius, and all the labours of these wonderful insects, should have engaged the attention of philosophers and poets, from Pliny to Miraldi, who first invented glass-hives; and from Virgil to Vaniere, whose *Prædium Rusticum* might have been immortal had the *Georgics* never been written.

Mr. Murphy, in his Translation, has done ample justice to the Poet, whom he has so ably vindicated.

From an abundance of excellence, to select is difficult. As a specimen, however, we shall trans-

cribe the lines which exhibit these amazing citizens, commencing the labours of the morning:—

As when an army, at the dawn of day,  
Marshal their bold brigades in dread array;  
The trumpet's clangour ev'ry breast alarms,  
And the field glitters with their burnish'd arms.  
So the bees, summon'd to their daily toil,  
Arise, and meditate their fragrant spoil;  
And ere they start, in fancy wing their way,  
And in the absent field devour their prey.  
No rest, no pause, no stay; the eager band  
Rush through the gate, and issue on the land:  
Fly wild of wing, a teeming meadow choose,  
Rifle each flower, and sip nectareous dews.

For degradation while the rovers fly,  
Should some sagacious bee a garden spy,  
Or a rich bed of roses newly blown,  
Scorning to taste the luxury alone,  
She summons all her friends; her friends obey;  
They throng, they press, they urge, they seize  
their prey;  
Rush to the socket of each blooming flow'r,  
And from that reservoir the sweets devour;  
Till, with the liquids from that source distill'd,  
Their eager thirst their honey-bags has fill'd.  
Untir'd they work, insatiate still for more,  
And viscous matter for their domes explore.  
That treasure gain'd, in parcels small and neat  
They mould the spoil, and press it with their feet;  
Then in the bags, which nature's hand has twin'd  
Around their legs, a safe conveyance find.  
Nor yet their labours cease; their time they pass  
In rolling on the leaves, until the mass  
Clings to their bodies, then in wild career,  
Loaded with booty, to their cells they steer.  
Soon as the spring its genial warmth renew'd,  
And from the rising flow'r's calls forth the dews,  
Th' industrious multitude on ev'ry plain  
Begin the labours of the vast campaign,  
Ere the parch'd meadows mourn their verdure fled,  
And the sick rose-bud hangs its drooping head.

## POETRY.

### ORIGINAL.

For the Anthology.

GENTLEMEN,

The following lines are not the offspring of fiction; they were written during the melancholy feelings inspired by the event they record. If not inconsistent with your design, the author would be gratified by seeing them in the Anthology.

“SWEETS TO THE SWEET; FAREWELL.”

O'er Beauty's consecrated urn  
A pensive stranger wakes the lyre:  
Tho' spring the blooming year return,  
No wonted joys the verse inspire.

In vain the zephyr's fostering breath  
Arrays in charms the vernal hour,  
Chill'd by the sudden damps of death,  
Untimely droops the loveliest flower.

Yes, shielded from the woes of life  
In death's inviolable sleep,  
Corroding grief nor passion's strife  
Shall cause her radiant eyes to weep.

No more bright Hope's fantastick train,  
No more the giant brood of Fear,  
Shall hold their fond delusive reign,  
Or fright the mind with frown severe.

Vain solace—still the heart must mourn  
The lovely form to bliss assign'd,  
From warm affection's wishes torn  
To long oblivion resign'd.

Unconscious now that matchless face  
Of admiration's kindling eye,  
O'er-dazzling white, with vivid grace,  
Where glow'd young beauty's roseate

Each charm, those clustering ringlets  
shade,  
The fates with icy hand destroy,

Bid the dark eye of beauty fade,  
And blast the buds of love and joy.

E'en now appear the fleeting hours  
In which thine image met my sight,  
As, round the couch, when fancy pours  
The sweet illusions of the night.

Yet, if the poet's wish avails,  
Those hours in memory's page shall last,  
Long as his musing spirit hails  
The faded pleasures of the past.

And oft as genial June the rose,  
The fragrant emblem of thy bloom,  
In summer beauty shall disclose,  
His heart shall mourn thine early doom.

June, 1806.

H.

For the Anthology.

TO THE  
PROCELLARIUS PELAGICUS.

"Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti  
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas." VIRG.

THOU little wand'rer, flitting round our stern,  
So far from land, how canst thou e'er return,  
Thou hast no means, or none that I discern,  
To travel here?  
Few tempt the perils of the stormy deep,  
Till fame, or fortune, all their senses steep,  
But you, with thankless toil, still idly sweep,  
Where'er we steer.

How few dare change their home and happy hours,  
Where Love and Friendship weave their rival  
flowers,  
Save the pale exile from Hygeia's bowers,  
For this rude place.  
Yet thou, nor fortune, fame, nor want constrain,  
To quit the rural realm, and peaceful plain,  
For ocean's barren, cold, and wild domain,  
Without a base!

Say, canst thou slumber mid these billowy vales,  
Torn up to mountain summits by the gales,  
When we are driv'n with close contracted sails,  
In tempests toss?  
Then farewell, happiest wand'rer of the wave.  
Thy lesser wings the whelm'ning storm shall  
bwave,  
When our proud bark no human skill can save,  
And all is lost!

5.

\* The Procellarius Pelagicus, or Stormy Petrel, better known to the mariner as one of "Mother Carey's chickens," is a small bird about six inches in length, and in the extent of its wings, thirteen. It is wholly black, except the covert of the tail, and vent-feathers, which are white; the bill is hooked at the end; the nostrils tubular; its legs slender and long. In the Ferrol

And,  
To s

PARALLELS—continued.

THE PARASITE.

.....  
O! your parasite  
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,  
Not bred 'mongst clods and clot-pouls, here, on  
earth.

I muse, the mystery was not made a science,  
It is so liberally profest! almost  
All the wise world is little else, in nature,  
But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,  
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,  
To know, who's fit to feed 'em; have no house,  
No family, no care, and therefor mould  
Tales for men's ears, to beat that sense; or get  
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts  
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,  
With their court-dog tricks, that can fawn and  
fier,  
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,  
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:  
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,  
And stoop (almost together) like an arrow,  
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;  
Turn short, as doth a swallow; and be here,  
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;  
Present to any humour, all occasion:  
And change a visor, swifter than a thought!  
This is the creature had the art born with him,  
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it  
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks  
Are the true parasites, others but their Zani's.

BEN JONSON.

studious to please, and ready to submit,  
The supple Gaul was born a parasite;  
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,  
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;  
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,  
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine,  
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
Strain out with fault'ring dissidence a lie,  
And get a kick for awkward flattery.  
Besides, with justice, this descending age  
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:  
Well may they venture on the mimick's art,  
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;  
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,  
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;  
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,  
And view each object with another's eye;  
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,  
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;

.....  
Isles this bird sometimes serves the purpose of a  
candle, by drawing a wick thro' its nostrils, from  
which it possesses the quality of spouting oil. It  
is seen all over the Atlantick ocean at the greatest  
distance from land. In tempests, of which  
it is said to warn the seaman by collecting under  
the stern of his vessel, it skims over the tops of  
the billows with incredible velocity. These birds  
are the "Cypselii" of Pliny, which he places among  
the apodes of Aristotle; not because they  
wanted feet, but were *Kakorosja*.

And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.  
JOHNSON.

Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours and minute-jacks !  
Of man and beast the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er.

SHAK.

## MELANCHOLY.

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
Long-founding aisles, and intermingled graves,  
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose ;  
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
Shades every flower, and darkens ev'ry green,  
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathes a browner horrour on the woods.

POPE.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,  
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,  
And from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,  
And dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
stole,  
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace and lonely musing  
In hollow murmurs dy'd away.

COLLINS.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
Mongt horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-  
holy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous  
wings,  
And the night-raven sings ;  
There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestick train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With ev'n step and musing gait,  
And looks commerçing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul fitting in thine eyes ;  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,  
You fix them on the earth as fast.

MILTON.

## WINTER.

Oh Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair, with sleet like ashes fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its flipp'ry way,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art !

COWPER.

When Frost and Fire with martial powers engag'd,  
Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd !  
Beneath the pole his legions urg'd their flight,  
And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night,  
O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd,  
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd !  
One clay-cold hand his chrystral beard sustains,  
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns ;  
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm  
The blossom'd fruit, and flowery Spring deform.  
His languid eyes like frozen lakes appear,  
Dim gleaming all the light that wanders here.  
His robe snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age : his  
breath  
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.

SAVAGE.

## FAME.

Open your ears : for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commençed on this ball of earth :  
Upon my tongue continual flanders ride ;  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ?  
Whilst the big year, swell'n with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.  
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by furnises, jealousies, conjectures :  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it.

SHAK.

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows.  
Swift from the first ; and every moment brings  
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her  
wings.  
Soon grows the pygmy to gigantick size ;  
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies :  
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful earth  
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.  
Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste ;  
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast ;  
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,  
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight ;

Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong ;  
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue :  
And round with listening ears the flying plague is  
hung.  
She fills the peaceful universe with cries ;  
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.  
By day from lofty towers her head she shews :  
And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous  
news.  
With court-informers haunts, and royal spies,  
This done relates, nor done the feigns ; and min-  
gles truth with lies.  
Talk is her business ; and her chief delight  
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.

DRYDEN.

There is a tall long-sided dame,  
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,  
That, like a thin-camelion, boards  
Herself on air, and eats her words :  
Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,  
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
Made good by deep mythologist.  
With these she through the welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;  
With letters hung like eastern pigeons,  
And Mercuries of furthest regions,  
Diurnals writ for regulation  
Of lying, to inform the nation ;  
And by their publick use to bring down  
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.  
About her neck a pacquet-male,  
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
And cows of monsters brought to bed ;  
Of hail-stones big as pullets eggs,  
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;  
A blazing-star seen in the west,  
By six or seven men at leatt.  
Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
But both of clean contrary tones ;  
But whether both with the same wind,  
Or one before and one behind,  
We know not ; only this can tell,  
The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;  
And therefore vulgar authors name  
Th' one Good, the other Evil, Fame.

HUDIBRAS.

— FAIRY LAND.

THERE, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;  
"Tis Fancy's land, to which thou sett'lt thy feet,  
Where still, 'tis said, the Fairy people meet,  
Beneath each birken shade on mead or hill.  
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky shore,  
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots ;  
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,  
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.  
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows  
How wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly  
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,  
Or stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.  
Such airy beings awe the untutor'd swain :

Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts  
neglect ;  
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;  
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,  
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,  
And fill, with double force, her heart-com-  
manding strain.

COLLINS.

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,  
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd  
horns ;  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a  
chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner :  
You have heard of such a spirit : and well you  
knew ;  
The superstitious idle-headed old  
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age  
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

SHAK.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY. BY HENRY  
KIRKE WHITE.

Sweet scented flower ! who'rt wont to  
bloom  
On January's front severe,  
And o'er the wint'ry desert drear  
To waft thy waste perfume !  
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,  
And I will bind thee round my brow,  
And as I twine the mournful wreath,  
I'll weave a melancholy song,  
And sweet the strain shall be, and long  
The melody of death.

Come fun'ral flow'r ! who lov'st to dwell  
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,  
And throw across the desert gloom  
A sweet decaying smell.  
Come press my lips, and lie with me  
Beneath the lowly alder tree,  
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,  
And not a care shall dare intrude  
To break the marble solitude,  
So peaceful, and so deep.

And hark ! the wind-god as he flies  
Moans hollow in the forest trees,  
And sailing on the gusty breeze  
Mysterious musick dies.  
Sweet flow'r, that requiem wild is mine,  
It warns me to the lonely shrine,  
The cold turf altar of the dead ;  
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,  
Where as I lie by all forgot,  
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my  
ashes shed.

# THE BOSTON REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1806.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitratur. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque illi patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

## ARTICLE 38.

*Volume I. Part I. of The New Cyclopaedia, or Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the Dictionary of Mr. Chambers; comprehending the various articles of that work, with additions and improvements; together with new subjects of biography, geography, and history; and adapted to the present state of literature and science. By Abraham Rees, D. D., F. R. S., editor of the last edition of Mr. Chambers's Dictionary, with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen. Illustrated with new plates, including maps, engraved for the work by some of the most distinguished artists. First American edition, revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country, by several literary and scientific characters. 4to. Price of the half volume to subscribers \$3. Philadelphia, printed by R. Carr for Samuel F. Bradford.*

THE character of Dr. Rees' Cyclopaedia, as far as the volumes have been published, is so well known from the various English Reviews, which are regularly received in this country, that it would seem in a degree impertinent for us to enter into a formal examination of its merits. It will be more decorous in the young criticks of the New World, though to some members of the republick of letters (which like other repubricks has its jacobins) it may appear slavish, to bow with deference to the judgment of the literary veterans of the Old Continent, who have, with few exceptions, expressed their warm approbation of the general execution of this work; and to this opinion we do, after an attentive perusal of the most important articles, very cheerfully subscribe.

We shall therefore confine our remarks chiefly to a comparison of the *American* with the *English* edition, and to the correction of such typographical and other errors, as we have been able to detect in either. And here we take pleasure in imparting to our readers, how much satisfaction we felt on the first view of the *American* edition, at the decisive and honourable testimony which it bore to the flourishing state of the arts of printing and engraving in our country. It is one of the few *American* editions, which, we can with truth say, is not surpassed by the *English*. Nor will we restrict our commendation to the mechanical execution of the volume before us; we have found useful additions made to some of the articles, which we shall take notice of in another part of our Review. But here commendation must stop; for, to adopt an old sentiment, though we love our *countrymen* much,

**we love truth more** ; and truth compels us to declare...that this American edition of the Cyclopaedia appears to be, at least in respect to the original editors of it, in some degree, a literary fraud. How far the publisher, Mr. Bradford, holds himself responsible for the contents of this edition, we do not know ; but we must say, that *the manner* in which it is to be conducted, judging from the present half-volume, throws no trifling weight of responsibility upon the gentlemen in this country, who superintend the editorial department ; a responsibility, which we hope has not been the only motive for keeping their names from the publick. Strong as this language may appear, we trust the impartial reader will be satisfied, that it is not stronger, than is warranted by the facts, which we shall presently exhibit.

The prospectus informs us, that the *English* edition is published under the direction of Dr. Rees, the learned divine, whose name the work bears ; and that he is assisted by about forty other distinguished European literary gentlemen, whose names are given to the publick, and who therefore stand pledged for the faithful execution of the work, and (what is of not less importance) for *the principles maintained in it*.

Such is the work which the American publisher recommends to his subscribers ; a work, "the execution of which (to use the language adopted by him) is *guaranteed* by the respectable names," which he gives to the public from the English advertisement. Not content, however, with servilely *copying* the London edition, he promises, with a very commendable spirit of patriotism, "amendment and addition in those parts, "at least, which relate to the United States," and informs us, that "he has engaged the assistance of gentlemen, whose talents and celebrity do honour to their country, and will essentially enrich this important "work." These were the editor's *promises*, and they were probably dictated by patriotism as well as interest, and, we have had the charity to believe, were made with the sincere intention of fulfilling them. Yet (it is painful, but we must make the inquiry) how have these promises been fulfilled ? Why, either by the most unfortunate misconception of the nature of his undertaking, or, what we are loth to believe, by a most daring disregard of his word, he presents the first half-volume to the publick almost without a single claim to patronage on the principal ground, upon which it had been recommended ; we mean,...that it was to be a work *guaranteed* by the authority of Dr. Rees and his able coadjutors. The American editors must know, that it *is not* a work thus guaranteed ; it is not a work resting upon the reputation of able and responsible European literati, who have not been afraid to give their names to the publick, as a pledge for the faithful performance of their undertaking. It is not, in short, "Dr. Rees' Cyclopaedia," but the Cyclopaedia of Drs. X, Y, and Z, of Philadelphia, New-York, &c. So far is it from being Dr. *Rees'* work, that we can point out parts of it, which are palmed upon the publick as his, that are directly in contradiction with what that gentleman has published in his own edition ; sentiments which that learned divine, we venture to say, would not only disown, but would think it his duty to counteract by all the justifiable means in his power. No, this edition is the work of unknown and irresponsible "literary scientifick characters" (we take Mr. Bradford's word for the literature and science of the gentlemen) in our own country.

The publisher has thus, by a strange fatality, if it was unintentional, completely destroyed what he had just before held out to his patrons, as one of the great excellences of this work....the authority it derived from the known talents and responsibility of the European gentlemen, who are engaged in it.

The only mode, in which the *authority* (and, *we* should say, the chief value) of the work could be preserved, would have been to distinguish, by some obvious mark, every *addition* or *variation* in the *American* edition. We shall be told perhaps, that this is already done *in part*; this surely cannot be denied, but we must be allowed to add, that this *partial* designation is as mischievous as *none* at all, because some of the *most material* alterations are made, without being thus distinguished.

The first article of importance, which has attracted our attention, is the life of the celebrated ABERNETHY. As this article is a fair specimen of the manner in which other parts of the work are mutilated, we shall exhibit it pretty much at large; and this will render a minute examination of many others unnecessary. We shall place the extracts from the two editions in opposite columns, and distinguish the variations by *italicks*.

*American edition.*

ABERNETHY JOHN.

In 1703, after having been for some years at Dublin with a view to farther improvement he was ordained at Antrim; where his publick performances were much admired, and where his general conduct and distinguished attainments recommended him to the esteem of all who knew him. In 1716, &c.

*English edition.*

In 1703, after having been for some years at Dublin with a view to farther improvement he was ordained at Antrim; where his publick performances were much admired, and where his general conduct and distinguished attainments recommended him to the esteem of all who knew him. *He was much respected not only by his brethren in the ministry, but by many of the laity, who were pleased with the urbanity of his manners.* His talents and virtues gave him a considerable ascendency in the synod, so that he had a large share in the management of publick affairs. As a speaker he was considered as their chief ornament; and he maintained his character in these respects and his interest in their esteem to the last, even when a change of his religious sentiments had excited the opposition of many violent antagonists. In 1716, &c.

The interference of this assembly was repugnant to those sentiments which Mr. Abernethy had been led to entertain by an attention to the BANGORIAN controversy, which prevailed in England about this time. Many other ministers in the North of Ireland, by means of the writings of Dr. Hoadly and his associates adopted opinions similar to those of Mr. Abernethy. They instituted a society whose professed aim was to bring things to the test of reason and scripture. This design was probably suggested by Mr. Abernethy, &c.

The interference of this assembly was repugnant to those sentiments of religious freedom which Mr. Abernethy had been lead to entertain by the exercise of his own vigorous faculties and by an attention to the BANGORIAN controversy which prevailed in England about this time. Many other ministers in the north of Ireland, formed more enlarged ideas of christian liberty and charity than they had been accustomed to do by means of the writings of Dr. Hoadly and his associates. With a view to the improvement of useful knowledge they instituted a society whose professed aim was to

## American edition.

to yield a mid brided fel oals aM  
employ equal xis to guisance stil air  
stil sit to mortus -est doinw to lost mi

## Again—

Mr. Abernethy was justly considered as the head of the non-subscribers, and he became of course a principal subject of censure and discipline.

In an early period of this controversy, viz. in 1719, he published a sermon from Romans xiv. 5. in which he professed to explain the rights of private judgment and the foundations of christian liberty.

From that time the excluded members formed themselves into a separate Presbytery. Mr. Abernethy found that his former reputation was no security to him against the evils which he was now to experience.

## Again—

He continued his labours in Wood-street for ten years. But a sudden attack of the gout in the head, to which disorder he had been subject, frustrated the expectations of his friends, and he died December 1740, in the 60th year of his age. Mr. Abernethy was twice married; first soon after his settlement at Antrim, to a lady of excellent character, of whom he was deprived in 1712, and again after his removal to Dublin, another lady, with whom he lived to his death.

## Again—

The most celebrated of Mr. Abernethy's writings were his two volumes of Discourses of the Divine Attributes, which were much admired at the time of their publication and honourably recommended by the late archbishop Herring. Four volumes, &c.

## English edition.

bring things to the test of reason and scripture! This laudable design was probably suggested by Mr. Abernethy, &c.

Mr. Abernethy was justly considered as the head of the non-subscribers, and he became of course a principal object of reproach and persecution.

In an early period of this controversy, viz. in 1719, he published a sermon from Romans xiv. 5. in which he explained the rights of private judgment and the foundations of christian liberty.

From that time the excluded members formed themselves into a separate Presbytery, and prepared to encounter many difficulties and hardships. Mr. Abernethy found that his justly acquired reputation, which he had uniformly maintained by a most exemplary life, was no security to him against these evils.

He continued his labours in Wood-street for ten years, and enjoyed great satisfaction in the society and esteem of his friends. From the strength of his constitution, the vigour of his spirit, and the uniform temperance of his life, there was reason to hope that his usefulness would have been prolonged. But a sudden attack of the gout in the head, to which disorder he had been subject, frustrated the expectations of his friends and he died Dec. 1740, in the 60th year of his age. For this event he was fully prepared, and he met it with great composure and firmness of mind, a cheerful acquiescence in the will, and a fixed trust in the power and goodness of the Almighty. Mr. Abernethy was twice married; first soon after his settlement at Antrim to a lady of excellent character, of whom he was deprived in 1712; and again, after his removal to Dublin to another lady with whom he lived in all the tenderness of conjugal affection to his death.

The most celebrated of Mr. Abernethy's writings were his two volumes of Discourses of the Divine Attributes which were much admired at the time of their publication and honourably recommended by the late excellent archbishop Herring; and are still held in the highest esteem by those who are disposed to approve the most liberal or manly sentiments on the great subject of natural religion. Four volumes, &c.

## American edition.

Again—

He also left behind him a Diary of his life, consisting of six large volumes in 4to. of which the author of his life has given a large account, and from which he has made many extracts. Biog. Brit.

## English edition.

He also left behind him a Diary of his life, consisting of six large volumes in 4to. of which the author of his life has given a large account, and from which he has made many extracts which bear ample testimony to the singular excellency of his disposition and character. Biog. Brit.

Taking this whole article together, and comparing it with the real character of Abernethy, as attested by the united voices of biographers, we do not recollect a more insidious attempt to rob the defenceless dead of a well-earned reputation, and to exhibit a mere corpse of character (if we may use the expression) stripped of all animation and of every positive quality, than here discovers itself. If it was of importance to know any one circumstance of Abernethy's life, it surely was so to be distinctly informed, that his excellent heart, as well as head, secured him the esteem of all to the last, "even when a change of his religious sentiments had excited the opposition of many violent antagonists." Yet the paragraph, which expressly exhibits this part of his character, is expunged from the American edition! If, too, it was of consequence to know, that Mr. Abernethy's "*sentiments*" differed from many who were around him, we ought to be informed *what* sentiments are alluded to. Yet the American editors, instead of informing us that they were "*sentiments of religious freedom*," (as is done in the original) suppress these last words, and leave us to infer what sentiments are intended, from our acquaintance with the *Bangorian controversy*: a controversy, of which, we venture to say, not one reader in a hundred knows any thing. Nor is this all:—the English work tells us, that these sentiments were not merely the result of his attention to the Bangorian controversy (which makes them in a degree the consequence of party-bias), but also "*of the exercise of his own vigorous faculties*." This last, and, we should say, this material circumstance if A.'s authority is to have any weight on these questions, is wholly suppressed in the American edition!

Our second extract from the *English* edition says: "this *laudable* design [of bringing things to the test of reason and scripture] was probably suggested by Mr. Abernethy." What could be more unexceptionable than this expression? What, we ask every liberal man, can be more *laudable* than "to bring things to the test of reason and scripture"? Do they then really mean to insinuate, that reason and scripture are not to be the test of things? If so, what must we think of the *principles* of the men, who conduct this new edition of the Cyclopaedia, and of the manner, in which they intend to republish the work? Yet our American editors expunge the word *laudable*, and leave us to presume, that, in their judgment, such a design was *not laudable*.

In the next extract the latter part of the sentence, which speaks of Mr. A.'s "justly acquired reputation," is partly altered and partly suppressed. Instead of fairly presenting to the reader, what kind of reputation Mr. A. enjoyed and how long he had maintained it, they just tell us coldly of his "*former* reputation." Gracious heaven! is this the

treatment deserved by this eminent man? is this history? is this biography?

But the first of our two last extracts discovers more of the motives and temper of the American editors, than any of the preceding. They suppress the passage, expressive of the high estimation, in which Abernethy's works are said to be held at this day; and though they admit that *formerly* these works were *honourably* recommended by archbishop Herring, yet, apparently lest the reader should think the archbishop's recommendation was worth something, they do not forget to strip the venerable prelate of a little epithet (the epithet "excellent"), which liberality would allow after death to any man, who possessed a little more than common honesty and common abilities.

One more remark shall finish what we have to say upon the highly reprehensible manner, in which this article is republished. The important words of the last extract, which mention the *singular excellence* of A.'s *disposition and character*, are wholly suppressed in the American edition. And yet, after such unwarrantable mutilations,...such criminal suppressions of historical facts,...these gentlemen cite the *Biographia Britannica*, as their authority!

*To be continued.*

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ART. 39.

*The Enchanted Lake of the Fairy Morgana.* From the *Orlando Inamorato* of Francesco Berni. New-York. Riley & Co. 1806. 8vo. pp. 67.

In reviewing so singular a production, as an American translation of an episode in the *Orlando Inamorato* of Berni, we are obliged

to confess the difficulty of procuring suitable assistances to the task of criticism. This obstacle we have formerly stated, and we are again called upon to acknowledge its continuance. We have inquired, but in vain, for the poem of Boiardo, and its *refaccimento* by Berni; and we have not been able to procure the subordinate auxiliaries of Crescembini and Tira-boschi. Of course, we were forced to consult the accessible authorities of other writers, who merely reflect a feeble heat and cast a faint illumination on the decaying poetry of an Italian author, once highly distinguished. These circumstances demand an attention to the state of our publick libraries; they exact the solicitude of men of riches and rank, to promote the establishment of large collections for the service of literature. The patrons of learning should be found among the favourites of fortune and the dispensers of power. If these cannot settle pensions, or bestow offices, they can at least accelerate the progress of knowledge, and direct its exertions, by exhibiting, what has formerly been ascertained, to the researches of the literary missionary. Poetry may continually delight in the study of nature, may find 'sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks'; but scientifick criticism must dwell in the cabinets of the curious, and range through the alcoves of literature.

The work we are about to review is a translation from the poetry of an old Italian author, now little known. In this country it may well be considered a singular production, and therefore we shall make no apology to our readers for introducing the review of it by some account of the life of Berni, of his character as an author, and

of the Italian heroick poetry as connected with him ; and we shall also offer a few remarks on the expediency of a complete translation of his *Orlando Inamorato*. Indeed we feel justified in pursuing this course, because it is necessary in order to render intelligible any criticism of 'the Enchanted Lake.' Besides, we poor reviewers are so often obliged to traverse barren ground, where not even an heath flower blooms, that we willingly turn aside into a foot-path, which may lead to cool waters and bowers of enchantment.

Francesco Berni, the Italian poet, was born of a noble but indigent family at Amporecchio in Tuscany, towards the close of the 15th century. Till the age of twenty, he lived in distress and poverty at Florence. He was afterwards patronized by his relations, cardinal Bernardo of Bibiena, the cardinal's nephew, Angelo, and by the datary Giberti, bishop of Verona, with whom he lived seven years. But neither from his noble friends nor from his own talents could he derive much advantage, for in his disposition he was careless and imprudent ; he hated every kind of restraint and delighted in pleasure, satire, jokes, and buffoonery. Yet his talents and literature secured him an high esteem among the learned, and at Rome he was a valuable and illustrious member of the academy *de Vignajuoli*. In that city, then so celebrated for its poets and scholars, he passed some years, and at length sought retirement in Florence, as a canon in the cathedral, and lived under the protection of cardinal Hippolito de Medici and the duke Alexander. These patrons, however, having honoured his talents with a valuable establishment, involved his life in misery by their quarrels and

intrigues. One of them endeavoured to bribe Berni to poison the other, but the poet having the virtue to resist, was himself poisoned in 1536, as a reward for his gratitude and magnanimity. This account, however, is not free from suspicions of falseness ; and from Monnoye's construction of a playful letter, written by Nicolo Franco to Petrarch, in 1538, it would seem that the physicians of Florence, being called to him when sick, had, by their neglect or bad treatment, designedly avenged themselves for the railleries and satires, which their patient had composed against them, their instruments, and their profession. But as this construction rests on an equivoque, in the expression *i Medici*, it is but doing justice to the illustrious family of Florence, and to the honourable profession of medicine, to quote the letter, as it is printed in Monnoye's notes to the article Berni, in *Baillet's juge-mens de Savans*. *Hora del Bernia non vi posso dar altro avviso se non che havendo fatti, non se che capitoli e baie de gui orinali i Medici l'han mandato via di Firenza, Dove egli si trove mo non si sa.* 'At present I cannot tell you any other news about Berni, except that having made I know not what satires and jokes upon urinals, the physicians (or, the Medici) have sent him away from Florence.—Where he now is, nobody can tell.' Some biographers credit neither of the accounts, and place his death towards 1550, and others mention that he published his great poetical work in the middle of the 16th century. His death was certainly obscure, and perhaps it was tragical. The name of Berni must be added to the list of scholars, who exemplify the unfortunate truth, that genius is not necessarily allied

to prudence, and that the last hours of those may be miserable, who once were encircled by patrons and honoured by the praises of learning.

As an author, Berni is chiefly distinguished by his burlesque compositions. He has the honour of giving his name to a particular species of burlesque, which the Italians call *Bernesco*, and the French criticks *Berniesque*. He also excelled in satire and invective, which were keen and bitter ; for the matter was very obnoxious, and the manner natural, easy, and elegant. He wrote the life of the infamous Pietro Aretino, of whom he was the particular enemy, in a style of caustick severity, and with a mind of remorseless aversion. Boccalini in his *Ragguagli di Parnasso*, considers him as one of the greatest satyrists whom Italy has produced, and represents him on the hill of the muses, as challenging Juvenal to an exertion of his powers, for the purpose of determining, whether the Latin or the Italian language was the best suited for reproach and invective ; but Juvenal would not accept the offer of Berni, who consequently derives an evident superiority over the Roman satirist. His principal work is the recomposing of Boiardo's *Orlando Inamorato*, which he has almost entirely superceded, so that the original is little known and almost unregarded.

In the 14th century the epick and romance writers of Italy were chiefly employed in celebrating the wars of Charlemagne, the adventures of the Paladins, the wanderings of illustrious damsels, the feats of chivalry, and the enchantments of magicians. These actions furnished a subject to almost every poet, which he treated agreeably to the nature of his genius ;

sometimes they were rendered ridiculous in extravagant and burlesque stanzas, and sometimes they became highly pleasant and interesting in serious poetry and harmonious versification. Such, however, was the taste of the age, that absurdity of story and unmeaning expression continually occur in the best poetical compositions. Hardly a writer of romance is to be named, who does not mix buffoonery with gravity, the majestick language of scripture with the actions of heroes, and miserable ribaldry with dignified narration. Among the early pieces of any excellence the Italians have celebrated the *Morgante Maggiore* of Luigi Pulci, which still continues by the beauty of its tales, and a Florentine dialect, to secure the applause of its readers. All the rules of criticism however are disregarded by the author, and taste and judgment seem to have been unknown to him ; yet the work was admired by Politian, Ficinus, and other ornaments of the court of Lorenzo de Medici ; and the authors of the *Dictionary de la Crusca* have ranked it among the classical writings of Italy.

In the year 1496 Boiardo, count of Scandiano, published his *Orlando Inamorato*. Its subject is the love of Orlando, the hero of chivalry, for Angelica, the daughter of Galaphron, king of Cathay. His adventures and achievements in her favour, form the principal part of the work, but the actions and errantry of the Paladins and Saracen knights are continually interspersed. The poem consists of seventy-nine cantos, which are divided into three books. The whole work is a vast, unfinished, and unequal production, comprising a narration of three great epick actions ; the invasion of France by Gradas.

so, to obtain Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, and Durindana, Orlando's sword ; the siege of Albracca, by Agrican, king of Tartary, and other enemies of Galaphron and Angelica ; and the invasion of France by Agrimant, emperour of Africa, and Marsilius, king of Spain. This long work evidenced great powers of invention, even superiour to what the divine Ariosto afterwards displayed in the Orlando Furioso. Indeed such was his excellence, that he has received the dignified praise of the great Cervantes ; for the curious reader may recollect, that when the curate and the barber were examining the books in the library of Don Quixote, the former proposed to lighten the punishment of the romance of Montalvan, and the lies of Turpin, expressly because " they contain part of the invention of the renowned poet Matteo Boiardo."

The imagination of Boiardo was prolixick, but the style was harsh and barbarous, and the versification uncouth, constrained, and inharmonious. Yet it was read and admired by the Italians for the variety of incident and the liveliness of manner, which characterised it. Boiardo's successors therefore endeavoured to improve it by finishing the work, and by adding the charms of grace and melody to the attractions of invention and pleasing narrative. Agostino continued it in three books, which were not however favourably received. Dominichi, a cotemporary of Berni, made some attempts to give purity of language to it, but which were soon forgotten in the splendour which succeeded ; for about half a century after the death of Boiardo, appeared the Rifacimento of the Orlando Inamorato by Francesco Berni. This so greatly improved the original, that Boiardo's

work is almost unknown. The new creator or modeller gave sweetnes of versification to the luxuriant fancy of the old poem. He entirely recast the work. He inserted comick sentiments and allusions ; he interspersed some stanzas by himself ; and the cantos received from him various changes in the beginnings, which were introduced by some natural moral reflections. Yet the corrections and additions of Berni did not always add to the value of the original ; and by one of his stanzas in particular, quoted by Hoole, the reputation of Ariosto suffered in the opinion of father Bouhours, who attributed to Ariosto a ridiculous absurdity, which is only to be found in the poetry of Berni, added to the work of Boiardo.

The Orlando Inamorato has been translated into French paraphrastic prose by Le Sage, but it has never been incorporated into the English language. On this subject Hoole thus speaks in the preface to the translation of Orlando Furioso, " Indeed, though it is a work highly entertaining in Berni's dress, it would scarcely admit of a translation into English verse, the narrative descending to such familiar images and expressions, as would by no means suit the genius of our language and poetry." On this head, Hoole deserves to be considered with attention ; he had read with care the Italian epick poets, and in his translation of Ariosto and Tasso, which have been very favourably received by the publick, he has exhibited great maturity of judgment and elegance of taste. Yet we know not, that the authority of Hoole is decisive ; if the images in Berni are familiar, they might possibly be modelled into elegance ; if the expressions are low, they might easily be elevated into dignity. Hoole might

have been deterred from translation, because he had done his duty and was fatigued with the task ; other scholars may have been frightened from the undertaking, because it must have been tedious, or because they did not choose to fail, where even success might not have been rewarded. The author of the work before us also gives it as his opinion, that the whole work is not susceptible of an English dress, but thinks that selections might be made suitable for translation and the publick taste. It is certainly true, that the Orlando Inamorato has no pretensions to critical unity, and therefore the parts are not necessarily dependent on each other ; but the stories and adventures may have such a connection by reference and allusion, that it might be difficult to find a single tale, which would not require much previous knowledge to make it completely intelligible. In such cases long notes would be necessary, and they would sometimes by their tediousness invite to sleep, and by their obscurity might often demand new explanation. If the translator should undertake to abridge, he must rely on his own judgment for the discriminating powers, and how is the reader to know, that in these qualities he is superior to the original ? In an abridgement we are always sure that what we find is also in the original, but we are not sure that there is not something in the original which ought to be found in the abridgement. Our author also partly says with Hoole, that "the images are often low and disgusting, the style frequently mean and vulgar, and that the retorts of the heroes appear to partake more of the low buffoonery and coarse invective of Lazzaroni, than the courtly style of chivalry." These charges

we have endeavoured to parry before, with regard to translation. Boiardo cannot be defended, but his translator need not propagate his offences against taste by being nicely metaphrastical. What is licentious, he may generalize or avoid ; what is absurd, he need not translate ; what is disgusting, he may render indifferent by niceness of expression, or palatable by easy alteration. If his changes are great, he should mention them in a short note ; if his suppressions are important, he should express his reasons with firmness and delicacy. Upon the whole, we are inclined to believe that a complete translation of the Orlando Inamorato would be desirable on its own account ; and we are confirmed in the opinion, because it is necessary for the perfect comprehension of the tales in Orlando Furioso. No translation has appeared in Great-Britain, and we should be proud, if the American nation, in gratitude for the pleasure it has received from Hoole, should present to the English a suitable and complete translation of an Italian poet, who has furnished similes to Milton, and materials to Ariosto.

The publication under review is called "The Enchanted Lake," & is translated from the 2d book of the Orlando Inamorato of Berni. In the preface a short account is given of the Italian author and his great work. We proceed to give an analysis of the story of the production before us. Previously, however, we wish to criticise the author's opinion on the derivation of the word "burlesque," as expressed in a note in the preface.

Our author says, that the English word, burlesque, derives its appellation from Berni, who first employed and perfected it, it being originally called *Berniscan*, and

by corruption *Burlescan*, whence *burlesque* in English. We believe that the author is incorrect, for *burlesque* is regularly from *burlesco* in Italian, and by Johnson is derived from *burlare*, to joke, and has really for its root *burla*, a joke.—*Bernesco* is indeed a species of *burlesco*, but only a species, which derives its name from *Berni*; it is not so coarse in its style, as ordinary *burlesque*, but is more chaste, or, as the French say, *soigné*. These Italian words, ending in *esco*, agreeably to the idiom of the language signify *after the manner of*; thus *pittoresco* is, after the manner of a painter; *grotesco*, after the manner of a grotto; *bernesco*, after the manner of Berni; and *burlesco*, after the manner of a joke. If any authority were wanting to show the incorrectness of the author's opinion on this etymological curiosity, it might be derived from Baillet, who quotes Mr. Naudet as saying, ‘*l'Orlando de Berni recut l'approbation & les applaudissim' mens de ceux du Pays, de sorte qu'on a cru lui faire honneur de donner son nom à une des espèces du genre Burlesque, qui est en usage chez les Italiens, qu'on appelle Berniesque à cause de lui.*’

The story of the work is as follows: Orlando, having destroyed the enchanted gardens of Falerina, queen of Orgagna, and killed or enchained the monsters, which guarded it, proceeds with Falerina to release the prisoners, who had been confined in some of her distant dungeons. During this journey they came to a bridge, built over a deep, dark lake. On a meadow was built a large, strong tower, which was the residence of a bold, murderous robber, Arridano. He was the terrible agent of the fairy Morgana, and used to seize any illustrious persons who were

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passing that way, strip them of their armour, and throw them into the lake, and after sinking to the bottom they became prisoners to Morgana. Falerina entreated Orlando not to encounter Arridano, who wore enchanted armour, and was assisted by the powerful fairy Morgana. Orlando, moved by her prayers and tears, hesitated to proceed, till he observed hanging on a cypress the arms of the renowned Rinaldo, who had been made a prisoner by the robber. He immediately advanced with impetuosity to the meadow. Falerina deserts him. He fights a most violent battle with Arridano, who at length seizes Orlando, and plunges with him into the lake. They arrive at the bottom of the lake, where was a most beautiful plain, and Arridano, attempting here to strip Orlando of his armour, whom he thought completely conquered, was compelled to renew the battle, and is finally killed, after a long and terrible encounter.

Orlando, after a strange and adventurous journey through enchanted ground, came to a small bridge, beyond which extended a plain, enriched with all the treasures of Morgana. He endeavoured in vain to pass the bridge several times, and is prevented by its alternate destruction and renewal by its guardian figure in iron armour. Orlando finally swims to the other side, and after some interesting adventures proceeds towards the prison, where Morgana had confined Dudon, Rinaldo, Brandimarte, &c. and at length comes near a fountain;

There on the herbage green extended lay,  
Wrapp'd in soft slumber's folds th' enchanting Fay.

Beyond a chrystral mound, Orlando observes his captive friends, whom he cannot approach; and is

advised by a damsel to endeavour to obtain from Morgana the key of the gate, which alone admits an entrance into the enchanted garden. Orlando follows the advice, and approaches the fairy, who flies from the place, and Orlando pursues. A violent storm arises, but the hero continues the pursuit. He is met by the hag Repentance, who was decreed by fate to be his companion and tormentor; and while he flies after the fairy, this wild, haggard being follows and scourges him with a whip. Orlando, though in violent anger, is obliged to submit. He continues to chase Morgana, and at length catches and holds her by a golden lock of hair, and this was the signal of success. After some advice from the hag, who then leaves him, and a request from the fairy, he obtains the key of the prison garden, and hastens to release the knights. After a long journey through the roads and scenes of enchantment, the captives, having obtained their armour, pursued their way in different directions.

After the long account we have given of the whole poem of Boiardo, and the analysis of the episode under review, we have hardly room for minute criticism. The poetry only extends to forty pages, and twenty-seven pages, in small print, are occupied in notes and additional notes, except the two last, which contain a small glossary. This most extraordinary fact is decisive evidence of the difficulty we have before stated, with regard to translations of selections. It covers this plan with insuperable difficulties, and seems fully to show the necessity of a translation, where the parts may be rendered intelligible by easy reference to other passages after the manner of Hoole. Of the versifi-

cation it is not easy to give the general character. Some of the lines are remarkably feeble and prosaic, others have strength and dignity. The two following, in page 5, are weakly turned and twisted :

For thee my heart with pity glows sincere,  
Thou left alone a timid woman here.

And what shall we say to this line :

Lov'd cousin mine ! from Paradise O hear !

The speech of the robber Arridano, in p. 11, is probably mean enough in the original, yet it cannot easily be lower than the following :

He cried, 'Thy toil is here but labour vain,  
Such blows might serve to frighten flies away,  
But for this one a hundred I'll repay.'

Our author is sometimes as much at a loss for chiming words, as a ringer would be for a jingle, who had only two bells and a small one in his steeple; thus, pages 14, 16, 17, 18, 21 :

Amidst th' innumerable gems a wond'rous stone  
Far o'er the rest in dazzling lustre shone.

Form'd all of gold, and o'er them thickly strown  
Pearls, rubies, diamonds, intermingled shone.

From whose proud top a bright translucent stone  
A carbuncle of wond'rous beauty shone.

At length to thought recurr'd the precious stone  
That like enkindled fire bright-blazing shone.

And form'd a mirror of transparent stone  
From whence the garden bright reflected shone.

Some of the rhymes are extremely defective. Since the days of Pope the ear has become so familiar to easy harmonious versification, that what was once offered as a luxury is now demanded as a right; as the tea of China, which was once a curiosity, is now become a necessary of life; yet in this poem the ear is annoyed with "toil" rhyming with "mile"; "sped" is forced to associate with "freed," and "are" stubbornly yokes with "prefer." Surely these broken bells, thus jangling, might

have been exchanged for the pleasant symphony, which Cowper heard undulating from the village.

We have seldom found in any poetry two lines more harsh and heavy than the following. The author was not contented with ruggedness of alliteration, but in the last verse has added the "slow length" of a useless unbending Alexandrine :

Whose boughs at once the bursting bud unfold,  
Gleam gay with flowers and glow with vegetable  
gold.

Towards the close of the work we meet with two lines, which have not more dignity and poetry, than the celebrated prose line of ten syllables in Boswell's Johnson :

'He laid his knife and fork across his plate.'

The lines are these, flat, mean, and monosyllabick :

In him is all my bliss, for him I sue,  
O take him not, or take me with him too.

We have pointed out a sufficiency of faults to gratify the acrimony of the critick, and more than a sufficiency for the kind friends of the author ; yet we might mention others, which deserve severe reprehension ; but though the reviewer might say with Tacitus, " *Mihi Otho, Galba, Vitellius, nec beneficio nec injuriā cogniti*," yet we hear that the author, Mr. Alsop, is beloved and esteemed by his numerous friends, who know him well, which is high praise "as the world goes" ; and we readily acknowledge that his ambition is laudable, and his undertaking arduous and uncommon. We are willing to bestow every commendation on great endeavours and suitable exertions, and we therefore with pleasure assure our readers, that the following extract is not the only one, which combines ease and strength, variety and musick. It

describes the battle between Orlando and Arridano :

He said, and hurl'd on high the pond'rous  
mace,  
Whose force had shook a mountain to its base ;  
Aside Orlando leap'd—with fruitless aim,  
In thunder driven, the mace descending came,  
Deep groan'd the solid earth beneath the stroke,  
The mountain echo'd and the meadow shook.  
Now 'twixt the twain a fiercer strife arose,  
With deadlier ire inflam'd the battle glows,  
This cloth'd in strength beyond all human might,  
In valour that excell'd and skill in fight ;  
The giant wields his mace, with thundering sound,  
Thick, heavy, fall the erring blows around.  
In vain he strikes, for still his wary foe  
With dext'rous speed eludes the coming blow,  
Now foins, now feints, now shifts his ground, and  
tries

Each varied stratagem that skill supplies.  
Far else the robber fares—his streaming blood  
From three deep wounds effused a crimson flood ;  
At length the knight the glad advantage spy'd,  
And drove his falchion through the caitiff's side,  
Whose life-blood issuing with the fleeting breath,  
Writhing he fell, extended pale in death.

This is vigorous and poetical, and we would not make a single deduction from the praise, did not our duty compel us to observe, that the translation of a battle between heroes cannot now deserve the highest commendation. The combats in Homer, Tasso, and Ariosto have been so excellently versified by Pope and Hoole, that their successors have little more to do, than to combine the various beauties of their words and sentences. We say nothing of Virgil, for though Dryden has injected into his version all the vigour, of which the battles in the *Aeneid* were susceptible, yet in this part of epick grandeur, the Roman bard is evidently inferior to the Grecian and Italian poets.

We beg leave to entertain our readers with one more extract, which displays a storm, and to remark generally, that Mr. Alsop has succeeded better in translating passages, descriptive of the exertion of great power, than those, which paint the beauties of scenery and person :

And now dark grew the sky—in murky clouds,  
Still thick’ning fast, the sun his radiance shrouds,  
The wind wild rifes, loud the tempest roars,  
Rain mix’d with hail-stones o’er the desert pours,  
Dread bursts the thunder, blue the lightning  
gleams,  
Wide flashes round, or darts in arrowy streams ;  
Thick spreads the mist o’er mountain and o’er  
plain,  
And heaven appears dissolv’d in floods of rain.  
Still grows the tempest—fled the light of day,  
Alone the lightning lends its lurid ray,  
Rent by the wind the trees uprooted lie,  
The beasts affrighted from their coverts fly,  
And foxes, doves, the serpent’s venom’d brood,  
Slain by the storm lie scatter’d o’er the wood.

We have before acknowledged, that we have not been able to procure the work of Boiardo or Berni. Of course it is utterly impossible for us to say a word on the fidelity of the translation. The poem before us is sufficiently interesting to be read with pleasure, though the poetry might easily have possessed more variety of rhyme and less feebleness of construction. If the author has time, he may gain the talents for translation, because diligence and careful examination and rigid correction may easily do away the objections we have stated. The specimen before us is hardly sufficient to exact our opinion, as to the recommending of Berni to Mr. Alsop for a complete translation. If he wishes to rank with translators, like Pope, Hoole and Sotheby, he must learn to be vigorous by years of correction, and harmonious by attentive cultivation and studious devotion to the masters of song. If he does not pant for such high praise, he may still gain commendation ; but this ought never to satisfy the aspirations of literary ambition ; and Mr. Alsop should contemplate with regret, but without fearful anticipation, the decaying glory, which now feebly illuminates the Tasso of Fairfax and the Ariosto of Harrington.

ART. 40. *Review of Leonora, a novel, in two volumes. By Miss Edgeworth. London.—New-York.—Re-printed by I. Riley & Co. 1806.*

WHEN this novel was first announced to us, we fancied, from its name, it came to swell the catalogue of those so continually flowing *a fluminibus stultitiae* into the *oceanum oblivionis* ; which have sometimes come so thick and fast, as to threaten taste and her temples with a deluge ; and which actually have polluted a few of her fountains, and thrown down some monuments in their course. But we are now happy to confess ourselves mistaken ; and if Leonora does not exhibit great originality of thought and expression, ingenuity of invention, or interesting incident, to recommend her, she possesses many sterling qualities, which elevate her very considerably above mediocrity. The general style of this novel is harmonious and pleasing ; and the collocation much purer, than we usually find in female writings. Considering it is written in a series of letters from different characters, there is too great a monotony of manner, and similarity of diction. There are several other errors ; but they are trivial, and mostly in the *manner* ; the *matter* is unexceptionable. But these may be pardoned in the freedom and familiarity of “Letters.”

The object of the writer, in this publication, is twofold. The principal characters are Lady Leonora and Lady Olivia. Lady Leonora is represented as an *English wife*, in the most amiable and engaging point of view ; endowed with beauty, without being conscious of it ; sensibility, which she conceals ; having an implicit confidence in

the conjugal fidelity of her husband, and the strongest attachment to his interest and honour ; possessing every imaginable excellence and virtue, which can secure domestick felicity, but at the same time a generosity and credulity, which occasion all her woes. Lady Olivia had been an English woman, early in the friendship of Leonora. She had been married ; but finding, soon after her nuptials, that "her husband's heart was not in unison with her own," she left him ;—and upon her arrival at Paris, where she resided some years, she *unfortunately* became enamoured of another man ; but it being impossible to control the influence of French "love," "philosophy," and "metaphysics," which assailed her at once, she submitted, though "with great reluctance." Compelled some time after her *initiation* to return to England, she sues to Leonora, on the strength of youthful friendship, for her countenance and protection against the voice of calumny, which had been raised against her in her absence ; touched with the narration of her sorrows, Leonora vindicates her character, and receives her into her dwelling. Olivia, in return, abuses her confidence, violates her friendship, and seduces her husband, while at the same time she is intriguing with her ci-devant paramour, with whom she considers herself in a suspended connexion. She writes to her friend at Paris, madame de P—, who is also a philosopher and a metaphysician, concerning her new "arrangement" with the husband of her friend in England. She expresses some reluctance on the score of "gratitude," &c. which seems so ridiculous to madame de P—, that she exclaims in her reply :

Who can control the passions or the winds ? After all, *l'erreur d'un moment* is not irretrievable. You reproach yourself too bitterly, my sweet friend, for your involuntary injustice to Leonora. Assuredly it could not be your intention to sacrifice your repose to Mr. L. ; you loved him against your will ; and you know it is by the intention that we must judge of actions ; the positive harm done to the world in general is in all cases the only just measure of criminality. Now what harm is done to the universe, and what injury can accrue to any individual, provided you keep your own counsel ? As long as your friend is deceived, she is happy ; it therefore becomes your duty, your virtue, to dissemble. I am no great casuist, but all this appears to me self-evident ; and these I always thought were your principles of philosophy. I have drawn out my whole store of metaphysics for your advice. I flatter myself I have set your poor distracted head to rights. One word more, for I like to go to the bottom of a subject, when I can do it in two minutes. Virtue is desirable because it makes us happy ; consequently to make ourselves happy is to be truly virtuous.

This illuminated reasoning had the desired effect, and Olivia acknowledges herself convinced of her ridiculous scrupulosity and insensible relapse into the English way of thinking, in her next letter :

Your truly philosophical letter, my infinitely various Gabrielle, infused a portion of its charming spirit into my soul. My mind was fortified and elevated by your eloquence. Who could think that a woman of your lively genius could be so profound ? and who could expect from a woman, who has passed her life in the world, such original and deep reflections ? You see you were mistaken, when you thought you had no genius for philosophical subjects.

The essence of truth cannot be affected by external circumstances. Now the proper application of metaphysics frees the mind from vulgar prejudices, and dissipates the baby terrors of an ill-educated conscience. To fall in love with a married man, and the husband

of your intimate friend! how dreadful this sounds to some ears! Even mine were startled at first, till I called reason to my assistance. Then I had another difficulty to combat, to own, and own unmasked, a passion to the object of it, would shock the delicacy of those who are governed by common forms, and who are slaves to vulgar prejudices; but a little philosophy liberates our sex from the tyranny of custom, teaches us to disdain hypocrisy, and glory in the simplicity of truth.

Adieu, dear and amiable Gabrielle. These things are managed better in France. **OLIVIA.**

Upon Olivia's imagining her conquest complete, she determines to go with the husband of Leonora on his embassy to Russia. Madame de P—— very well expresses her spirit of *universal conquest*, upon receiving her friend's intelligence of this. Letter LXIX—

And now, my charming Olivia, raise your fine eyes as high as ambition can look, and you will perhaps discover my grand object. You do not see it yet.—Look again.—Do you not see the *emperour of Russia*? What would you think of him for a lover? if it were only for novelty's sake, it would really be pleasant to have a czar at one's feet.

This novel is well calculated to second the object of ridiculing the "high sublime of deep absurd," in the late fashionable *philosophistical, metaphysical French system of morality*; in which MARRIAGE and DIVORCE "cross over and go six hands round," while virtue and vice, chastity and prostitution, and religion with atheism are seen "walsing" together in harmonious concert. The epidemick fury, with which this doctrine was *given and received*, seems somewhat to be abated. We do not at present hear so many declaimers about the *rights of woman*, &c. &c. &c. Our boarding-school misses have become less eloquent, and more

obedient. They seem to have renounced the *metaphysical* notion of *perfectability*, as *incompatible* with the *fitness and nature of things*; and many of them have even condescended to *hear*, that the *chivalrous* profession of an *all-subduing heroine* is less *advantageous* and honourable, than that of a modest and virtuous woman; and that it is better to secure the affections of *one* man of sense, than to be seen leading a *trillion* of frown-mangled fops in triumph.

#### ART. 41.

*Lectures on the constitution and laws of England: with a commentary on magna charta, and illustrations of many of the English statutes. By the late Francis Stoughton Sullivan, LL.D. royal professor of common law in the university of Dublin. To which authorities are added, and a discourse is prefixed, concerning the laws and government of England. By Gilbert Stuart, LL.D. First American edition, in two volumes 8vo. Portland. Tho's B. Wait & Co. 1805.\**

THIS edition is printed with unusual neatness, on good paper, and with a fair type, from the 2d English edition, 4to. of 1776, from which we have not observed any essential variations. In justice to the publisher, and on account of the merit of the performance, we recommend it to the perusal of American students. It is a posthumous publication: but whether

\* This work was first published in 1772. The monthly reviewers highly commend it, they speak of it as an interesting and very instructive performance, and of the author as a learned and ingenious writer and a zealous friend to the original freedom of the British constitution.

from the care of the learned author, or from the diligence of his friend Dr. Stuart, it is presented to the publick in a style of perfection, which is not frequently found in works, which have been published after the decease of their author.

The mode of conveying knowledge by lectures has many advantages. It is true, that the lecturer must pursue a scientifick method, so that a course of lectures may comprehend a general survey of his science in its natural order and divisions. But if he has fancy, he is permitted to indulge it, even on a grave subject, in exciting and relieving the attention of his pupils. His views of subjects may be general, without an accumulation of minute particulars, and select, so as chiefly to embrace the more pleasing and interesting branches. This admirable mode of instruction has been adopted in all ages. It bears some affinity to the philosophical conversations of the Grecian sages, in their academies and literary retreats. It has been adopted in the most celebrated universities of Europe and America; and it is happily calculated to inspire the noble youth with a love of study and labour.

Lectures are peculiarly favourable for inspiring a taste for the study of the law, a science, which interests all beings "mortal and immortal, natural and voluntary," and which is applicable to the infinitely diversified occasions of life. Anciently, poetry and musick employed their respective powers in diffusing the knowledge and inspiring obedience to the laws; and indeed, what science is more worthy of the charms of eloquence, than that which looks with an equal eye on men of all degrees, and which is the protector of the

ingenuity of the artist, the learning of the scholar, the fruits of husbandry, and the rewards of commerce? Our system of jurisprudence was formerly dispersed throughout a multitude of books, and was to be collected from dictionaries and abridgments, written in a barbarous dialect, obscured with technical terms, and exhibited to the eye in a formidable black text, reminding us of an ancient knight-errant equipped for battle. But since the publication of the Lectures of Judge Blackstone, which display, in a style of incomparable elegance, and in a most just and philosophical arrangement, the whole system of English security and rights, the science of the law has become a fashionable branch of study. We shall not now be deemed paradoxical in asserting, that the education of no gentleman is complete, till his mind is enriched with a general knowledge of the laws of his country.

Some have doubted, whether, since the publication of the lectures of Blackstone, the profession can boast of so many eminent lawyers as in former times. Most students are content to glean from his elegant pages, and are averse to reading the old books. But it must not be forgotten, that the works of Lord Coke are the forest, from which this author collected materials for raising a structure, which probably, like the Roman and Grecian classicks, will survive the nation, whose glory it is designed to perpetuate. Students should be reminded, that the commentaries of Blackstone are intended only as an introduction to the science, and that so far as an excellent map is calculated to give us a true general idea of a country, to make us acquainted with its boundaries, and with the relative

connection of its parts, they are calculated to aid us in our juridical researches. The lectures of Dr. Sullivan are a production of secondary importance, but admirable in their kind, and most worthy of being read. They are addressed to young gentlemen, yet strangers to the study. He varies from the plan of Blackstone in commencing his lectures with the law relative to *things*, and justifies himself in this respect by the opinion of Sir Matthew Hale, that the young student must begin his study with this branch of the law. We do not think it of essential importance, whether he commences with the law of *persons* or with that of *things*. It is certain however, that neither can be thoroughly understood without some acquaintance with both.

As the law of real property in England had its origin in the feudal system, the lecturer gives an historical account of its origin and progress, till it became the common law of Europe. He describes the various species of feuds, their gradual revolutions, and the rise of what are denominated the *modern English tenures*. Estates in land among the Germans, who undoubtedly were the authors of the feudal system, were anciently temporary, annually granted at the will of the prince to his companions, and generally on condition, that the tenant should perform certain military services. As that people led a wandering life, living principally by hunting and pasture, they were in the practice of removing from place to place, and, having no local attachments, they had no desire to possess a permanent interest in the soil. Their manners and principles on the subject of property continued for some time after they had extended their con-

quests into the Roman empire. But as they began to depend for subsistence on the tillage of the land, and became sensible of the comforts of a fixed habitation, they likewise became anxious to enlarge their estates in the soil, and from holding them at the will of the lord and by sufferance, the custom arose of obtaining grants for life, and afterward, of estates transmissible by descent and by devise.

The principal part of the second volume is less interesting to us than it must be to Englishmen, as it contains a minute but learned account of the various orders of their nobility and citizens, the constitution of their Parliament, the state of justice among them at different periods of their history, the institution and jurisdiction of their various domestick tribunals, and the gradual progress of civil and political liberty, till it became settled and fortified under their present constitution.

The seven concluding lectures contain a valuable commentary on magna charta, which has for its end, as expressed in the preamble, 1. the honour of Almighty God ; 2d. the safety of the King's soule ; 3d. the advancement of holy church ; and 4th. the amendment of the realm. This statute, which was passed 9 Hen. III. is "declaratory of the principall grounds of the fundamentall laws of England". It is an amusing and useful exercise for the student to compare many of its principles with the declaration of rights prefixed to the constitution of Massachusetts. The best commentary on magna charta is contained in the second institute.

Should we be asked, why we recommend to the American student a book on the feudal system, we answer, that it is impossible to

understand the English writers, through the medium of whose productions we must seek for the law and practice of our own country, without a knowledge of this system. The originals of many of the laws, customs, and modes of administering justice, which prevail at the present day, are to be traced to very remote times, when the feudal system was regarded from the extent of its sway, as the law of nations. Though now encrusted with antiquity, it is yet a venerable subject of contemplation. If it is true, as Littleton and Coke assert, that no man can merit the honourable appellation of a lawyer, who is not perfectly acquainted with the grounds and reasons of the law, it is surely our duty to recommend a work, which is well calculated to aid us in the acquisition of so valuable a portion of professional education.

The origin, progress, and fate of systems, which have had an influence on the happiness of millions of human beings, surely is no common subject of curiosity. Who is content to be ignorant of the cause of light and darkness, of heat and cold, and of the grateful revolutions of the seasons? And who will content himself, like the stupid Egyptians, to enjoy a soil, enriched by the waters of the Nile, and will not, in gratitude to the God of the river, trace him through its windings, and worship him at its fountain?

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ART. 42.

*An anniversary address delivered before the Federal gentlemen of Concord and its vicinity, July 4, 1806. By Daniel Webster. Concord, N. H. Hough. 1<sup>st</sup> ed. 21.*

THE interesting subject of this address is the question, whether it

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be possible to preserve the present form of our government, the solitary representative of republican institutions, which remains for the contemplation of mankind.

When we speak of *preserving the Constitution*, we mean not the *paper* on which it is written, but the *spirit* which dwells in it. Government *may* lose all its real character, its genius, its temper, without losing its appearance. Republicanism, unless you guard it, will creep out of its case of parchment, like a snake out of its skin. You may have a Despotism, under the name of a Republick. You may look on a government, and see it possess all the external modes of Freedom, and yet find nothing of the essence, the vitality, of Freedom in it; just as you may contemplate an embalmed body, where art hath preserved proportion and form, amidst nerves without motion, and veins void of blood.

Among the most numerous and the most dangerous enemies of our government, he mentions the passions and vices of the people. But considering that evil communications corrupt systems, as well as individuals, he enlarges on the dangers which threaten its well being from its foreign relations. Intimately connected as is our country with foreign nations by commerce, which, from its nature, cannot exist without rivalry, he infers the necessity and good policy of granting it a protection, sufficient to defend it from the interruptions and aggressions, which the spirit of rivalry and the injustice of other nations, may dispose them to offer. The want of protection to commerce will be more fatal to our agriculture, than either the drought or the mildew: for, in this instance, were it left to our choice, we should certainly imitate the conduct of David, by choosing "to fall into the hands of the Lord (for his mercies are great)

and not to fall into the hands of men."

We have seldom read any production of this kind, which has contained more correct sentiment, expressed with so much felicity of fancy and purity of style. It is free from the rancorous colourings of party spirit, which are wholly inconsistent with true eloquence. If there is any fault in the style, it is that the sentences, though not colloquial, are in general too sententious, and expressed with too much brevity for the flow of a publick harangue. We must notice likewise, that the printer has been scandalously inattentive to correcting the press. We add one extract from which our readers may judge of the author's manner.

When we turn from Great-Britain to France, we are led to contemplate a nation of very different situation, power, and character. We seem to be carried back to the Roman age. The days of Cæsar are come again. Even a greater than Cæsar is here. The throne of the Bourbons is filled by a new character, of the most astonishing fortunes. A new Dynasty hath taken place in Europe. A new era hath commenced. An Empire is founded, more populous, more energetic, more warlike, more powerful, than ancient Rome, at any moment of her existence. The base of this mighty fabric covers France, Holland, Spain, Prussia, Italy, and Germany; embracing, perhaps, an eighth part of the population of the globe.

Though this Empire is commercial in some degree, and in some of its parts, its ruling passion is not commerce, but war. Its genius is conquest; its ambition is fame. With all the immorality, the licentiousness, the prodigality, the corruption, of declining Rome, it has the enterprize, the courage, the ferocity, of Rome, in the days of the Consuls. While the French Révolution was acting, it was difficult to speak of France, without exciting the rancour of political party. The cause, in which her leaders professed to be engaged, was too dear to American hearts to suffer their motives to be

questioned, or their excesses censured, with just severity. But the Revolutionary Drama is now closed—the curtain hath fallen on those tremendous scenes, which for fourteen years held the eyes of the universe—that meteor, which "from its horrid hair shook pestilence and war," hath now passed off into the distant regions of space, and left us to speculate coolly on the causes of its wonderful appearance.

#### ART. 43.

*An address, delivered at Salem, July 4, 1806, on a military celebration of the day, by the brigade and regimental officers, late commissioned officers, and three independent companies, at the request of the officers. By Maj. Samuel Swett. Boston: Printed by Oliver & Munroe, for Joshua Cushing, Salem. 1806.*

WE have been frequently reminded by the continual appearance and disappearance of the addresses and orations of our countrymen, of the visionary progeny of Banquo, as represented in the play; and have often been disposed, like the irritated Macbeth, to exclaim, we'll "see no more:... what! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?".... Why do you shew us "this?" But as there is no plea to excuse us from derogatory duties, which actually belong to the department we fill, we bend to the drudgery of the present review, with as tolerable a grace as we can cleverly assume, persuaded that our readers, let them withhold what they can, will hardly deprive us of the merit of patience. We confess, that we are disappointed in being obliged to express an unfavourable opinion of the lucubrations of the gentleman of Salem, and frankly acknowledge that we expected something better from a scholar, who regards his country as "superior in seminaries, sci-

SWETT'S ADDRESS. 443

ences and arts," than the commonplace declamation of a street politician. We think that he might, at least, have preserved his mother tongue from uncouth combinations, impure phraseology, and monstrous metaphor ; that he might have discovered the distinction between coarseness and simplicity, fustian and sublimity. We looked to have beheld excellence where opportunities were enjoyed, and imagined that one who resided in *Academus* would be gifted with inspiration. But we have been wretchedly disappointed ; and should any one judge of our orator by the complexion of his performance, he would conceive that he was inspired by no muse but of the denomination of *Draggle-tail*, and that he had taken up his abode only in the purlieus of literature. It may be conjectured by many, from the chaotick character of the Major's matter and ornament, that he was required to compose at a short notification ; that his similes were driven into service too precipitately to be disciplined, and that his ideas were drafted, before they could be dressed. Whether or not this was the case, we pretend not to say ; but we confidently affirm, that there is a surprising resemblance between his figures and sentiments, and the deplorable description which he gives of our militia, which, we humbly conceive, while we contend for the resemblance, to be but a few removes in discipline above the recruits of *Sir John*. But let us hear the Major speak for himself.

*Already Bonaparte, the fiery meteor, the splendid comet, whose magnificent vices we grow in love with, who has usurped the thunderbolt of Heaven, and is armed with poison and assassination, instruments of Hell, has begun his cannibal progress in our country ; he has one foot in Louisiana.*

Rhetoricians, we believe, require that something like analogy should be preserved between two objects that are brought together for the purpose of illustration, and that no attribute should be assigned to one, that is incongruous with the other. How far this requisition has been regarded by the Major, *Bonaparte* and his comet sufficiently show ; the latter possessing, along with its prototype, "magnificent vices, with which we are in love, instruments of hell, assassination, and poison," and very naturally beginning "a cannibal progress."

"Parallels as like, as Vulcan and his wife." SHAK.

From their complimentary notices of the ladies, one would imagine, that our orators combined the knight with the scholar. No anniversary is now a days observed without offering incense to the fair, and strangers might conceive, should they credit their worshippers, that the country was incommodious from the number of its goddesses ; lilies and roses, corals and pearls, are so extravagantly offered to the divinity of their beauty, that the spring is deprived of her complexion and perfume, and the sea nymphs are in want of a necklace and comb. But, in the whole division of female idolaters, it will be difficult to discover many, who can come abreast with the Major in the extract that follows. We quote it as a pattern for *inamoratos* in general.

Go next to defenceless Suabia. See the enemy in that country, see them make the rich poor, the poor, beasts of burthen ; see them guilty of pillage, rape, and blood ; see them murder mothers and the new born babe ; and return again to your own country, and behold your own fair daughters, surpassing those of Carthage, who twisted their long and golden locks to bowstrings : the mild lustre of their eyes beaming love and intellect ; chaste as Diana,

beauteous as the Goddess of love, untainted as the perfumed gale of Arabia; whom the devil in the wily serpent could not tempt; but they would tempt the devil.

In conclusion, to speak more emphatically than elegantly, we think that the Major has made a **flash in the pan.**

though the rest of the oration will have cause to complain of this preference of its twin brethren:

All the merciless engines of aristocracy were leagued in opposition to the philanthropick struggles of aspiring genius, whilst the insatiable scythe of persecution swung its keen set edge through the rich and luxuriant scions of germinating freedom. *P. 8.*

Encouraged by our national policy, the regenerated spirit of enquiring genius has thrown open the massive portals of science, and exposed to the effulgent beams of day the engulfed Herculaneum of literature, which was long entombed by the lava of persecution, piled incumbent during the dark ages of superstitious barbarity. *P. 12.*

*An oration, pronounced at the Branch meeting-house in Salem, July 4, 1806, in commemoration of American Independence. By H. A. S. Dearborn. From the Register-office. *pp. 14.**

THIS is indeed a most pleasant and delectable speech. The author is not enthralled by the rules of rhetorick and logick; and, disdaining to creep in humble prose, he mounts Pegasus, and leaves disconsolate mortals below:

'His horse, the dear creature, he prances and rears,  
With ribbons in knots at his tail and his ears.'

The turbid stream of his eloquence is choaked by the disjointed fragments of images and metaphors:

'Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.'

As specimens we select the following humorous paragraphs,

If Mr. D. will permit us for a moment to assume his gaudy garments and tinsel array, we should observe, that he has enlarged the boundaries of infinite space, and strolled *extra flammatia mania mundi*,...given existence to nonentity,...added potency to omnipotence, ...soared above the empyrean, till his wings were melted in the blaze of his own eloquence, and then tumbled and descended below the bottom of the abyss of bathos,...and, by an oration of only fourteen pages, has irrefragably and confoundingly demonstrated that no sense is nonsense.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR AUGUST, 1806.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

### NEW WORKS.

The American Dispensatory; containing the operations of pharmacy; together with the natural, chemical, pharmaceutical, and medical history of the different substances employed in medicine: illustrated and explained according to the principles of modern chemistry, comprehending the improvements in Mr. Duncan's second edition of the Edinburgh New Dispensatory. The arrangement simplified, and the

whole adapted to the practice of Medicine and Pharmacy in the United States. With several copperplates, exhibiting the new system of chemical characters, and representing the most useful apparatus. By John Redman Coxe, M. D. one of the Physicians of the Philadelphia Hospital, &c., 8vo. Pr. bound \$4. Philadelphia, Thos. Dobson.

The Philadelphia Medical Museum, for March, April, and May, 1806. Vol. III. No. 1. Conducted by John Red-

man Coxe, M. D. of Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 116. Philadelphia, A. Bartram, for Thomas Dobson.

The Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal, Part II. Vol. II. collected and arranged by Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D. 8vo. Price in boards \$1. Philadelphia, Conrad & Co.

The Clerk's Assistant. In two parts. Containing the most useful and necessary forms of writings which occur in the ordinary transactions of business, under the names of acquittances, agreements, assignments, awards, &c. &c. and other instruments. Calculated for the use of the citizens of the United States, particularly the state of New-York. Selections of various useful practical forms, proceedings in partition of lands, &c. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Nicholas Power.

Military System of South-Carolina; containing the articles of war, the laws of the United States and of South-Carolina, for the government of the Militia; also the patrol laws of that State, with a copious index. Pr. 75 cts. Charleston, Wm. P. Young.

Laws of the 1st session of the Ninth Congress of the United States. Washington City, Wm. Duane.

A new Translation, with notes, of the Third Satire of Juvenal; to which are added, Miscellaneous Poems, original and translated. New-York. Ezra Sargent. 12mo. pp. 192.

The 1st volume of the Dramatick Works of William Dunlap. 12mo. New York, J. Osborne.

Aenia: a tragical poem, on the oppression of the human species, and infringement of the rights of man. In 6 books, with notes explanatory and miscellaneous. Written in imitation of Homer's Iliad. By Thomas Branagan, author of a preliminary essay on slavery. 12mo. pp. 358. Philadelphia, S. Engles and Samuel Wood.

An Apology for the Rite of Baptism, and usual modes of Baptizing. In which an attempt is made to state fairly and clearly the arguments in proof of these doctrines; and also to refute the objections and reasons alleged against them, by the Rev. Daniel Merrill, and by the Baptists in general. By John Read, D. D. pastor of a church and congregation in Bridgewater. 12mo. Providence, Heaton and Williams.

The Young Convert's Companion: being a collection of Hymns for the use of conference meetings; original and

selected. Published according to act of Congress. 12mo. Boston, E. Lincoln.

The Juvenile Instructor; or, a useful book for children, of things to be remembered; in familiar colloquial discourses between a parent and child. By D. R. Preston. 12mo. pp. 54. Boston, John M. Dunham.

A Map of the Rapids of the Ohio river, and of the countries on each side thereof, so far as to include the routes contemplated for canal navigation. To which are added, Explanatory Notes. By Mr. Jared Brooks. Frankfort, Kentucky, John Goodman.

Catalogus Eorum, qui adhuc in Universitate Harvardiana, ab anno MDCXLII, alicujus gradus laurea donati sunt, nominibus ex literarum ordine collocatis. 8vo. pp. 50. Salem: Typis Josuæ Cushing, MDCCCVI. Annoque Rerum Publicarum Americæ Fœderatarum Summae Potestatis XXXI.

Noah's Prophecy on the Enlargement of Japheth, considered and illustrated in a sermon, preached in Putney, Vt. Dec. 5, 1805. By Clark Brown, A. M. late minister of Brimfield, Mass. Published by the request of the hearers.— 12mo. Brattleboro', W. Fessenden.

A Sermon, delivered to the First Church of Boston, on the Lord's Day after the calamitous death of Mr. Charles Austin, member of the senior class in the university of Cambridge, which happened Aug. 4, 1806, in the 19th year of his age. By William Emerson, pastor of the church. 2d edition. 8vo. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong.

A Sermon, preached at the ordination of Rev. Nathan Waldo, A. B. in Williamstown, Vermont, February 26, 1806. By Elijah Parish, A. M. pastor of the church in Byfield, Mass. Hanover, N. H. printed by Moses Davis, 8vo. pp. 16.

A Discourse, delivered before the Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, June 10, 1806. By Thaddeus Mason Harris, minister of the church in Dorchester. 8vo. pp. 40. Boston, E. Lincoln.

A Sermon, containing reflections on the Solar Eclipse, which appeared on June 16, 1806; delivered on the Lord's day following. By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. pastor of the First Church in West Springfield. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 20. Springfield, Mass. H. Brewer.

A Sermon, preached before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of Amer-

## 446 MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

ica, by appointment of their standing committee of missions, May 19, 1806. By Eliphalet Nott, D. D. president of Union College, in the state of New-York. 8vo. New-York.

An Address, delivered before the Republican Citizens of Concord, N. H. assembled to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence, Friday, July 4, 1806. By Thomas Waterman, minister of the gospel in Bow, N. H. 8vo. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A Masonick Discourse, delivered in Portsmouth, St. John's day, June 24, 1806. By Thomas Beede. Portsmouth, N. H.

American Independence : An Oration, pronounced at New-Bedford, July 4, 1806. By Zabdiel Sampson, A.B. Published by request. 8vo. pp. 16. Boston, Adams & Rhoades.

An Oration, delivered in the Independent Circular Church, before the inhabitants of Charleston, South Carolina, on Friday, the 4th of July, 1806, in commemoration of American Independence, by appointment of the American Revolution Society ; published by request of that Society, and the Society of Cincinnati of South-Carolina. By Keating Lewis Simons, a member of the Revolution Society. 8vo. Charleston, Wm. P. Young.

An Oration in commemoration of the independence of federate America, delivered at Stratham, July 4, 1806. By Rev. James Miltimore. Portsmouth.

## NEW EDITIONS.

Vol. I. Part II. of The New Cyclopaedia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences. By Abraham Rees, D.D., F.R.S., editor of the last edition of Mr. Chambers' Dictionary, with the assistance of eminent professional gentlemen. First American edition, revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country, by several literary and scientifick characters. 4to. Price \$3. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford. Lemuel Blake, No. 1, Cornhill, agent in Boston.

Reflections on the Commerce of the Mediterranean—Deduced from actual experience during a residence on both shores of the Mediterranean sea—containing a particular account of the traffick of the kingdoms of Algiers, Tunis, Sardinia, Naples and Sicily, the Morea, &c.—with an impartial examination into the manners and customs of the inhabitants in their commercial dealings—

and a particular description of the manufactures properly adapted for each country. By John Jackson, esq. F.S.A. author of the Journey over land from India, &c. 1 vol. crown octavo. Price \$1 extra boards, \$1.25 bound. New-York, I. Riley & Co.

Hudibras, a poem, in three parts, by Samuel Butler. With annotations, a complete index, and life of the author. 12mo. pp. 300. Troy. Wright, Goodenow & Stockwell.

The 2d American edition of The Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud. In a series of letters from a gentleman in Paris to a nobleman in London, written during the months of August, September, and October, 1805. 12mo. Philadelphia, J. Watts.

The History of Napoleon Bonaparte, emperour of France and king of Italy, embellished with two engravings ; the first a view of the battle of Austerlitz, and the second a plan of the Bastile. 8vo. 1 vol. pp. 416. Price to subscribers, bound, \$2 50. Baltimore, Warner and Hanna.

East's Pleas of the Crown, vols. I. and II. Price, bound, \$11 ; boards, \$10. New-York, Bernard Dornin.

Wild Flowers, a poem. By Robert Bloomfield, author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. 12mo. Philadelphia, William P. Farrand and J. Johnson.

The Beauties of the Botanick Garden. 12mo. New-York, D. Longworth.

An Introduction to the Study of the Bible : containing proofs of the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures ; a summary of the history of the Jews ; an account of the Jewish sects ; and a brief statement of the contents of the several Books of the Old and New Testaments. By George Pretymen, D.D., F.R.S., Lord Bishop of Lincoln.—12mo. Price \$1. Philadelphia, James P. Parke, 119, Market street.

The 2d edition of The Christian Monitor, No. I. containing prayers and devotional exercises. 12mo. 30 cents in boards. pp. 200. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

The Contrast : or, the Death-bed of a Free-Thinker, and the Death-bed of a Christian. Exemplified in the last hours of the Hon. Francis Newport, and the Rev. Samuel Finley, D. D. 8vo. pp. 20. Boston, E. Lincoln.

The Encyclopaedia of Wit, or Lounger's Library. 1 vol. 12mo. wove paper. pp. 400. Price \$1 in boards ; \$1.25 bound. New-York. William Durell.

## IN THE PRESS.

Vol. I. of The Works of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. From the latest London edition. 8vo. Boston, D. Carlisle, for John West and Oliver Cromwell Greenleaf.

The Trials of Colonel William Smith, and Mr. Samuel G. Ogden, before the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of New-York, on the charge of having aided and assisted General Miranda in a military expedition against the Spanish government of Caraccas. Taken in short hand by Thomas Lloyd, Esq. Stenographer to Congress. 1 vol. 8vo. Price to subscribers three-fourths of a cent per page. New-York, Isaac Riley & Co.

The History, Principles, and Practice, ancient and modern, of the legal remedy by Ejectment and the resulting action for mesne-profits, & the evidence in general necessary to sustain and defend them with. With an appendix. By Charles Bunnington, serjeant at law. New-York, printed from the last London edition, by B. Dornin.

A Physiological Essay on Yellow-Fever; setting forth the various symptoms attendant thereon, with many useful and critical observations on the line of treatment of the same; and a mode of practice to be attended to in the curative part. By Dr. George Carter, Director General of the Military Hospital of South-Carolina, during the late revolution. Price \$1. Charleston, S. Carolina, Mr. Negrin.

The Wife. 1 vol. 12mo. Boston, Andrew Newell.

## PROPOSED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Fenelon's Treatise on the Education of Daughters: Translated from the French, and adapted to English readers, with an original chapter On Religious Studies. By Rev. T. F. Dibdin, B. A., F. A. S. 12mo. 1 vol. with an engraved frontispiece. Price \$1 to subscribers. Albany, Backus & Whiting.

The Works of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, philosophical, political, and literary. The work will be elegantly printed on a new small-pica type and pale vellum paper in large octavo. The work will be ornamented with numerous engravings, and a full-length portrait from the best likeness allowed to be in existence. Price \$2,50 each vol. Philadelphia, William Duane.

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An Examination into the Belligerent Pretensions of Great-Britain, and the Neutral Rights of the United States of America; in which the numbers of Phocion, relative to the subject, are incidentally answered. By an American. This work will be published in a pamphlet, containing at least 100 pages, exclusive of the appendix, which will contain several valuable and interesting state papers. Price \$1. Charleston.

The Father and Daughter, a new novel. By Mrs. Opie. 1 volume 8vo. Price \$1 bound to subscribers. Richmond, Vir. Samuel Grantland.

A complete History of the Holy Bible, as contained in the Old and New Testaments, including also the occurrences of 400 years, from the last of the Prophets to the birth of Christ, and the Life of our blessed Saviour and his Apostles, &c. with copious notes, explanatory, practical, and devotional. From the text of the Rev. Laurence Howel, A. M. With considerable additions and improvements, by Rev. George Burder, author of Village Sermons, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Price bound \$2,25 each volume. Philadelphia, Woodward.

Pyrroloimogia; or, Inquiries into the Pestilence called Yellow Fever. Containing the history of its symptoms and prevalence in different parts of the world; a comparative statement of all controversies respecting its origin, modes of propagation, and treatment; with an attempt towards a new theory of the electrical phenomena and Galvanick influence arising from terraqueous and putrid exhalations, which explains the cause of pestilential diseases, their remedies and preventatives. By Felix Pascalis, M. D. of New-York, formerly physician and member of the board of health in the state of Pennsylvania, honorary member of the Medical Societies of Philadelphia, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 300 each. Pr. in boards to subscribers \$5 the set, or \$6 bound. New-York.

## INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Bronson, Editor of the United States Gazette, is preparing to put to press a new and very interesting work, entitled, "Original Anecdotes of Frederick II. King of Prussia, and of his Family, his Court, his Ministers, his

Academies, and his literary Friends : collected during a familiar intercourse of twenty years with that prince. Translated from the French of Dieudonne Thiebault, Professor of Belles Lettres in the Royal Academy of Berlin."

We understand that a subterraneous cavern has been discovered within a few days, on the turnpike road in Manlius, about three miles from the square, in Onondago county, New-York. The circumstances attending this discovery are somewhat singular. A Mr. Beckwith, inn-keeper, in digging a well, having descended about 25 feet, came immediately upon the cave, or a cavity at the bottom, about 3 feet in depth, and 3 or 4 in diameter, filled with pure water ; upon which a candle was let down, and the discovery completed. A passage was found, extending north and south (across the road) a considerable distance ; it was explored about 80 feet each way, much to the gratification of its visitants, among whom was our informant. The entrance into the cavern from the bottom of the well is 7 or 8 feet high, but very narrow ; an equal height was preserved through the whole passage, excepting at one place to the northward, in which persons are obliged to crawl a short distance ; the width of the aperture is unequal, being in some parts barely sufficient to admit a common sized person ; but in the southern part there is one gradual globular expansion of many feet. The sides of the cave appear to be limestone, through which water constantly oozes, and forms a small stream that runs to the northward through the whole explored avenue. The sides are decorated with various excrescences, some resembling pillars, extending from top to bottom, and others in an inverted conical form, all having the appearance of grey marble, with small regular ridges, evidently denoting their gradual formation. The rill purring under foot, the transparency of the sides of the cavern as exhibited by the clear blaze of the candle, and the reflections naturally produced by the situation of a visitant, are said to be truly delightful. A vein of ore, supposed to be copper or brass, is also said to be found in the cave.—*Herkimer Monitor.*

Mr. W. H. Ireland, whose fabrication of the Shakespeare MSS. excited so much attention a short time since in England, has written an amusing book, containing his confession of all the cir-

cumstances which attended that literary forgery, relating not only to the papers, but to the various personages who distinguished themselves while the controversy continued.

Brisban and Brannan, of New-York, have just published, in a small pocket volume neatly printed, "The Life of Lamorgnon Malesherbes," formerly French minister of state during the reign of the last Louis, a work of uncommon merit.

"It exhibits the outlines of a character, distinguished most eminently by purity and worth ; and at the same time, recommended by all the advantages which are conferred by family, rank, and accomplishments both elegant and solid.—Europe, in the eighteenth century, does not furnish an individual of greater interest and on whose history the mind dwells with more satisfaction and delight. The narrative, indeed, has little to boast on the score of method or arrangement : but, as it details the most interesting passages in the life of such a man, it cannot fail to engage attention, and is entitled to a considerable share of notice."

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*Statement of Diseases from July 20 to August 20.*

THE weather of the past month has been much cooler than common. The winds from the south-west, east, and more frequently from the north-west than usual at this season.

The most prevalent disease has been a mild typhus, attended in many cases with affection of the intestinal canal ; it has scarcely been fatal in any instance. Diarrhoea and dysentery have prevailed in some degree, but they have submitted readily to medicine. Cholera infantum has been comparatively rare.

No great number of patients have been vaccinated during the month. The cause of this is principally an *erroneous* notion, that the *vaccine-pock*, analogous to the small pox, will not operate so favourably during the summer, as in the spring and autumn.

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**EDITORS' NOTE.**—We hope that the gentleman, who sent the *Sans Souci*, No. 2, will excuse us for the alteration we have made in his arrangement. We can assure him, that contributions from him will be very acceptable.